

The GRAIL

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LEONARD BURLAND

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THE GRAIL

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Thy Kingdom Come

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

THE DAYS between January 18, the feast of the Chair (Residence) of St. Peter in Rome, and January 25, the feast of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Catholic Church has appropriately designated as days of prayer for the union of all peoples into a single visible body, the Kingdom of Christ on earth. Christ's prayer was that "all may be one," and though the Catholic Church has found it expedient and necessary at times in accordance with the admonition of the Gospel to pluck out the offending eye or to cut off the sinning member and thus to enter heaven maimed rather than fall into hell intact, still the separation has been a source of grief for centuries to her Divine Founder as well as to the successive Vicars of Christ in their efforts to keep the Church whole and holy.

The Church of Rome is accused by those outside the fold of wanting unity only on her own terms. She will not come part way; she will not compromise a single point. That is a very true accusation. The Catholic Church wants union as no other denomination wants it; but she *cannot* sacrifice a single one of her God-given tenets to procure it. She believes that union on any other terms would not be a reunion of Christians, but a complete defection, so that there would no longer be even one corporate body perpetuating the divinely instituted Church.

Since Catholics believe that Christ founded His Church as a divine monarchy, they cannot acquiesce in the belief that it makes no difference to what Church one belongs, so long as one lives a good life. Christ founded but one Church, and regard-

less of how sincere other religious founders may have been, or how inspired others have felt to change the organization of that Church, what they created is not the Church Christ founded and is not, therefore, a dispenser of His grace. Church unity to Catholics means a return of all sects to the original parent trunk—not an offer to graft that trunk onto a disconnected limb.

Catholics both realize the number of unworthy members in the Church

grace of light and faith for those stumbling and groping along as best they can to their eternal salvation.

Three men were once stricken with cancer. One found a great physician who treated him successfully. The second also sought a doctor, but found a charlatan who, unable to help him, watched him grow worse and worse and finally abandoned him to a dreadful death. The first patient hoped the second would detect the deception before it was too late. Still worse was the case of the third victim, who did not even know he had cancer.

Christ established His Church first of all as a perfect society, strictly so called, that is, as regards its end, directly subordinate to no other society and possessing in itself all the means necessary for attaining its end. By reason of both its specific purpose and means it is not confined within any territorial limits, nor subject to any civil government; it rises above all earthly governments. Like all societies it is composed of living men, whence it must be visible. Like them, too, it must have its code of laws, its executive officers, its ceremonial and observances. But it differs from other human societies in this that it is supernatural in its origin, purpose, and means, yet withal, a visible polity like the secular polities among which it exists.

Secondly, the Church is a constitutional monarchy centering around the Papacy—the Primacy of jurisdiction vested in St. Peter and his successor, and embracing all the particular churches or dioceses of the world somewhat after the manner in which each diocese embraces all the



and lament the vast number of sincere and virtuous persons living outside the Church. The good Catholic does not *condemn* Protestant, Jew, and heathen for their uncatholic lives, but *regrets* that they are deprived of the "living waters," that often through no fault of theirs, they are deceived and led into misunderstanding the teachings of Our Lord. The good Catholic, therefore, weeps, prays, and sacrifices to obtain the

different parishes into which it is divided. Christ is Himself the King, but has appointed St. Peter and his successors to the Roman See as His lawful Vicars on earth.

Lastly, while the form of government imposed upon the Church by her Divine Founder is monarchical, yet, just as in a civil monarchy, there must be heads of provinces, chiefs or governors subordinate to the ruling power or sovereign, so in the ecclesiastical monarchy there is one supreme head, and in the various dioceses subordinate heads, who, according to a well defined measure, share in the three-fold power of teaching, ruling, and sanctifying.

One of the most outstanding marks of the true Church is that in its constitution and its doctrine it cannot change. Multitudes of souls are lost because of rebellions against the ruling authority in the Church, attempting to moderate her teaching and soften her legislation; whole nations have fallen away because of her firm determination on points of faith and morals, yet not one iota of her God-given principles can she change. The Pope, being ruler of the kingdom of God, can dispense in all purely ecclesiastical laws and enactments. But no Pope can ever dispense, abrogate, nullify, or interfere with the Divine constitution of the Church.

A radical change in the hierarchical constitution of the Church would imply a breach of continuity as the Church of Christ and would suffice to make it a different Church from what it was before. The continuity of the Church depends essentially on its government and its belief.

Passing over the critical days brought on by the downfall of the Roman Empire and the later horrible practice of Lay Investiture, the menace of Neo-Cesarism and Gallikanism, as well as other threats of nationalism, we may simply refer to the alterations introduced by the sixteenth century Reformation, since they are responsible for the origin of nearly all the Protestant sects. Such a glance will show us how it is possible to give all due credit to zealous non-Catholics for the honesty and

virtue of their lives, and still regret that they have been lured away from their family and to pray that they may be reunited with us in the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

The Protestant Reformation opened a number of avenues of attack on the constitutional hierarchy of the Church. It destroyed the unity of Faith and ecclesiastical organization of the Christian peoples of Europe. Almost every heresy arising in that period of religious upheaval turned in some way on the authority in the Church, both as regards doctrine and ecclesiastical government.

Shortly before the Reformation Hus and Wycliffe advanced theories that, if accepted, would have swept aside the entire hierarchical system in the Church. They began by opposing the Papacy as an institution.

Luther asserted that the Church has a democratic form of government, her supreme power being in the hands of the people or laity. He denied the divine institution of the Primacy. He issued a tract "Against the Romish Papacy founded by the Devil," the very title of which shows his intention.

Calvin drew up at Geneva the new Constitution of the Church as he conceived it, giving birth to Presbyterianism. "A kind of vigilance committee, styled the consistory, composed of both clergy and laity, was established on the model of the Inquisition and charged with the oversight of the religious and moral life of the whole community."

In England the Reformation gave to the Church a national constitution in which the Anglicans tried to combine the spiritual and temporal power in the civil ruler. In Scotland the Presbyterianism of Calvin was introduced in all its severity. And so in all the European countries the constitution of the Church was being shaken. The Greek Schismatics maintained that the Bishops were vested with the supreme power of the Church. Bossuet asserted that the legislative power of the Church lay conjointly in the hands of the Pope and of the Bishops, the Pope being inferior to an oecumenical Council.

Thus we have ideas of a Conciliar Church, national Church, episcopalian, presbyterian, democratic, aristocratic, and congregational Church. Every possibility seems to have been proposed in its day. Yet after 1900 years there stands the original monarchical hierarchy as instituted by Christ, rocked and swayed by the storms of time, but never yielding to any other form. Limbs have fallen from the parent trunk, some to wither and die immediately, others to take root only for a while, but the trunk grows, and thrives, and bears fruit. The 3000 converts of the first Pentecost have increased to 300 millions; the twelve Apostles have increased to more than 1500 Bishops. There is one supreme Pope, the successor of St. Peter by divine right, vested with jurisdiction over the whole Church. Under him there are at Rome twelve congregations of Cardinals and ecclesiastics. The whole Church is divided (1937) into 14 Patriarchates, 216 Archdioceses, 913 Dioceses, 377 Vicariates Apostolic, and 111 Prefectures Apostolic, besides numerous titular Archdioceses and dioceses.

Each diocese is in turn constituted as an hierarchical unit of the Church. The Bishop has the diocesan Synod periodically, and habitually the Vicar General, the diocesan consultors and the various members of the diocesan court. His authority extends to each one of the faithful in his territory through Vicars Forane, Parish Priests, Assistant Pastors, Rectors, and Chaplains. Such an organization has made the Church a potent factor in shaping the destinies of governments and nations no less than of individuals. It is a source of legitimate pride and of intense interest to her children, and of admiration to those who view her from without.

Because we appreciate the blessings of belonging to such a divine institution, we pray that all may see what we believe it to be, Christ perpetuated among us—the Mystical Body—and that all may enter its gates. That is what we pray each time we say the Lord's Prayer—"Thy Kingdom come."

BETWEEN THE LINES

H. C. McGinnis

Must Small Business Die?

THOUSANDS of small businessmen are closing their doors these days and, unless there is a sharp change in the general trend of present day American policies, many of them will never re-open. When it is considered that roughly 90% of the nation's manufacturing plants come under the head of small business, the economic impact of their failures can be understood easily. But there is an aspect of the question which is still more serious than the economic one.

Although the present war certainly has its economic aspects and its end will unquestionably make sharp changes in existing economics, and while it has many serious political implications which will affect the future governments of the nations involved, the most important problem being battled out is the world's future conception of the worth of individual man. On the totalitarian side we find a paganism which preaches that the individual is nothing more than a means to an end, the end being a super-State. On the democratic side we believe that man is an end in himself and has a definite intrinsic worth to his Creator, this worth being equally enjoyed by all other humans, regardless of race, color, or location.

Since all true liberty and justice is predicated upon this individual worth of man, the present American movement which is sweeping individual effort and enterprise into oblivion, either through a national socialization or else a formation of huge monopolies by selfish groups, is a matter worth our immediate study and action. It would be fatal to American democracy if we, while combating totalitarianism abroad, should permit this destroying evil to become the dominating theory at home. It is not an easy matter to discern the real causes of this move-

ment, for it has many angles, some of which are highly contradictory.

It is desirable that we review a few statistics which govern the importance of this problem. There are about 184,000 manufacturing plants in the United States and of these, 133,000 plants employ 20 men or less each. These plants employing 20 men or less use only 5 or 6% of the nation's raw materials, yet form a vital part of the nation's 1,500,000 small businesses. Many of the small businesses are wholesaling or retailing outlets for the small manufacturers and are therefore forced to curtail their activities or close up altogether when their manufacturers can not produce for any reason. These small businesses employ roughly 6,000,000 workers.

A main reason given for the heavy liquidation of small businesses is that it is caused by the necessity of national defense priorities. The small manufacturers mentioned above depend considerably upon steel, copper, brass, bronze, aluminum, rubber, tin and other strategic materials which must come under some form of allocation program when a national economy is changed from a peacetime basis to a wartime one. Although these materials are being used now in greater amounts for defense production than are required in ordinary production, the rub comes from the fact that the same manufacturers aren't using them. According to figures released only a month or so ago, 56 large corporations are handling 75% of the defense production and in June, 1941, four corporations alone were reported as getting one-fourth of the dollar value of all defense production. Such cases may be due to several reasons. First it is somewhat natural that government agencies hard pressed for time should let their contracts to those concerns

which can produce huge orders quickly and efficiently. Secondly, perhaps some of the dollar a year men in Washington are as interested in private business as they are in the public variety. Thirdly, while many smaller businesses could handle certain orders if a program for their distribution were carefully worked out, it is an undeniable fact that thousands of small plants are not equipped in any way to meet the requirements of making defense goods. While it is probably inevitable that there should be some suffering caused in switching from a peacetime program to one subordinated to military production, two facts should be kept in mind: first, although one government agency has given around 25,000 firms "educational orders" during the past few years to train them for such a situation as has arisen, not even 10,000 of these "educated" firms have received defense orders which they are presumably capable of handling; and secondly, that the thousands of plants which employ less than 20 men each and which are often incapable of handling defense orders, require only about 6% of the nation's raw material consumption to continue their normal business and this small amount should certainly be available to preserve a national economy, especially when much larger amounts of the same materials are available for export to nations not involved in the war.

Despite the fact that the catastrophe facing a large percentage of the nation's small businessmen, together with those dependent upon them for a livelihood, is blamed on defense production, it is also true that the nation's small businessmen were having an increasingly hard time for several years prior to the war's beginning. The national defense program has not been the sole

cause of their miseries but is definitely responsible for the rapid acceleration of their misfortune. While it was originally announced that the defense program would absorb the workers thrown out of employment by the curtailment of civilian production and that even the small businesses could be worked into the program satisfactorily, actually this is scarcely possible.

A wider and more fair distribution of defense orders would undoubtedly help many comparatively small businesses, yet there would still be a number who must depend upon ordinary production for their existence. However, it is entirely possible for a wise and thoughtful government to make provisions for permitting small concerns which can not be used in defense production to have priority rights for their raw material requirements and this should be rightfully expected so long as such materials are available for export to other countries which are using them for commercial purposes. Recently a Senate committee investigating the preparedness program reported that less than 2% of the nation's supply of strategic materials would be required to keep in business for the next six months those thousands of plants which employ less than 20 men each but which, in the aggregate, employ 10% of all persons gainfully employed.

One hears charges made that the extinction of the American small business man is a deliberate part of a definite program. Those who make this charge call attention to the fact that this nation has placed no limita-

tions on the export of strategic materials to Canada and that, therefore, Canada's civilian industries are gratefully continuing their business as usual program, despite the war. They also charge that strategic materials denied to American small businesses are readily available to other countries for civilian use. Those who make this charge are split upon two conclusions: some think it is a part of a national socialization plan, while others believe it proves the ascendancy of huge monopolies owned by private groups who have their representatives in key positions in the government, often as dollar a year men. Some believing this latter theory further think that these monopolies are secretly encouraged by totalitarian minded elements in the government who plan that the government should ultimately take over these colossal private enterprises to create a socialized economy for the nation.

But, no matter what the cause or the intention behind the liquidation of American small business, this liquidation must be checked at once if the American way of life is not to suffer fatally. Small business is the backbone, not only of the national economic system but also of community life. It is an essential principle of American democracy that small private enterprise has the full right to exist and must not be subordinated to any socialized economy; it is the Christian doctrine that the individual's worth must be preserved, no matter what happens.

If the denial of raw materials to small manufacturers is the result of defense priorities, then our govern-

ment should set up limitations on the export of these materials to nations which are using them for commercial production and divert to our own people that mere 5 or 6% necessary to continue American business and earning power at a livable level. If the extinction of small business is due to the studied formation of huge monopolies by private groups which are greatly helped in their purpose by the receiving of the lion's share of the nation's huge defense buying, then we may rightfully demand of our government that, while it is girding itself for democracy's defense all over the world, it must also arrange to protect democracy at home. If the woes of small business are due to the sly and clever maneuvers and manipulations of that ever increasing number of Communists, near-Communists, and other totalitarian minded theorists who have infested and honey-combed government departments for the past several years and who realize that the success of their proposed socialized state depends upon the complete obliteration of all middle class activities, then we must insist that our government besides smelling so many dangers abroad, recognize those which are insidiously destroying the American way while the nation's eyes are turned elsewhere.

Any attempt to socialize the nation's industry is not only a direct contradiction of the American idea of individual liberty and justice—no matter under what guise it is accomplished—but it is also a direct denial of the Christian way of life and of the Creator's plans for His children.

Crises Usually Arouse Intolerance

WHEN a bill to establish concentration camps for deportable foreigners was defeated recently in Congress, it was probably a very wise decision, although the bill had many good features and no doubt the best of intent. Since the bill's proponents admitted it would cover only about 50 cases a year and that the department created to handle them would probably exceed in

personnel the number of aliens under its jurisdiction, the bill seemed to provide machinery out of all proportion to the task. This in itself is dangerous, for the history of bureaucracy proves that when a bureaucratic agency runs out of something to do, it usually manages to create something by which it can perpetuate itself and expand—sometimes to undreamed of size.

When this continuance and expansion is at the expense of public funds, it is bad enough; but when it is at the expense of human rights, it is too dangerous to be permitted to exist. For this particular bill provided for the incarceration of certain aliens, for life perhaps, without the alien having any further recourse to a court of justice. While in normal times the bureau would no

doubt function justly enough, it could easily become a terrible instrument of intolerance in a time of high national emotions.

It is in times like the present emergency that people must guard most closely against easily aroused prejudices. Emotions very often become hysterical during crises and frequently many injustices are committed which are later bitterly regretted. Older Americans remember the many occasions in which public feelings got out of hand during 1917-18, when native born Americans had their places of business wrecked, their homes molested, and their children insulted, simply because they bore German, Austrian, or Hungarian names. Sometimes the victims were second and third generation Americans, yet the very spelling and pronunciation of their family names caused them to suffer persecutions which were the result of misplaced patriotism. It was during this same period that the Ku Klux Klan was revived and scourged innocent people with unbridled license as they sought to impose their weird definitions of what constitutes an American in good standing.

Since the Ku Kluxers are again actively in the field for recruits, in addition to campaigning for a million dollars or so to be used in an "Americanization" campaign to be conducted by sound trucks bleating out Klan doctrines all over the country, we may assume that the present emergency will produce intolerance like nearly all previous crises in American history.

It is nothing short of remarkable the many different ways which intolerant people can rig up to compensate themselves for misfortunes, real or imagined. Although in World War I, the American people did not feel themselves to be at war against the German people—a fact officially established by President Wilson's appeals to the German people to get rid of their Junker overlords and join in the cause of world peace—very often the arrival of a casualty list in a community caused all sorts of unreasonable reprisals against people of admittedly good American

citizenship but who bore German names or were of German origin.

After the war, when the nation realized it had been maneuvered into a struggle which had aims different

"We Who Died Last Night"

"If you ever have an excuse for standing Quentin Morrow Phillip up before a wall, don't ask me to command the firing squad; just give me a rifle and let me shoot. I'd be doing no more to him than he did to me. Because of his book I'll be a week catching up on sleep; it was too interesting to drop. All that doesn't take into account the nervous energy that I used up living with his characters: I think I worked as hard as they did to make everything come out right in the end.

"Let me congratulate THE GRAIL on its first novel. I hope that it is but the beginning of a series. Books as good as *We Who Died Last Night* are much too rare; if you can keep each succeeding novel up to the standard of your first one, I feel entirely safe in predicting success. Right now I'm putting in my advance order for the next one that you bring out." (W. H.)

"Mr. Phillip does not only know his Skid-Road, he knows human nature and how to sympathize with its weaknesses, which is something very rare outside of the Catholic Worker groups nowadays. I do hope this book will have a wide circulation and rouse our people to the great need of intellectual charity as well as the physical. We can safely leave the spiritual angle to the Reverend clergy." (C. H. T.)

from those proclaimed in the propaganda which finally convinced the country, it was surprising how many supposedly intelligent people decided that the entire world conflagration

had been caused by the machinations of Jewry. Despite the rantings of the Ku Klux Klan and many allegedly patriotic societies which did nearly as much damage but didn't get as much publicity, American common sense finally prevailed and fair thinking Americans decided they had no one else but themselves to blame for entering a war which didn't make the world any safer for democracy than it ended wars for all time.

Although the KKK tried its best to convince the nation that Catholics, Jews, Negroes, and, in fact, everyone not a white, Protestant, native American, were directly responsible for all national ills, the nation survived these assaults upon its tolerance and intelligence, only to be swooped down upon by Jehovah's witnesses who streamlined their efforts to make Americans hate each other. Although the Rutherfordites blame all religions, regardless of the nationality of their communicants, for all world catastrophes, the rejuvenated Klan proclaims that it means no particular harm to Catholics or Jews, but that it intends awakening the people to the dangers of many un-American groups.

Should the nation suffer another wave of intolerance, it is possible that it may be directed against aliens or American citizens of foreign birth. In this event, concentration camps established for proper uses might become badly misused and might even entirely overflow the original intentions for them, becoming means of oppression for everyone not agreeing with those riding the crest of the wave.

With the nation's emotions already badly strained because of upsets in normal living due to the world holocaust, the situation could easily become ripe for an unbridled and unreasonable hysteria to sweep the nation into doing many regrettable things. But national hysteria is impossible unless there is a let-down in individual self control; so it behooves each and every one of us to think several times and to weigh carefully all evidence, past and present, when we hear those whispered tales about the dangerousness of our fellow men.

Holidays Are Holy Days

Shirley Warner

YOUNG David, aged ten, startled both his elders and his contemporaries when, in the midst of a Halloween dinner, he suddenly asked everyone, "Why are we having this party? What does Halloween mean, anyway? Why do we think we must go out and play tricks on people on this night?"

David's Grandpop, a very wise man, promptly gave him a quick outline of the origins of Halloween, an explanation which satisfied David and interested the other young people so much that they almost forgot to go out and ask for hand-outs.

They didn't forget altogether, though, and came in much later with quite a showing of goodies. However, they demanded more information about Halloween while they gobbled their stomach-achers; and then, just when it was time to go home, they hit upon the ingenious device of asking Grandpop about how other holidays came to be.

David's Grandpop knows a lot, much more than most adults do about these things, but he was spurred to run over to the library the next day and read up on a few holidays. I feel that a lot of people might be interested in what he gleaned there.

There is no use denying that the word "holiday" has become synonymous, especially to the younger generation, with a celebration and a good time, often with a vacation. Yet, as David's Grandpop told him, not only was the religious "holy day" its ancestor in name, but also, specific holy days were the true ancestors of corresponding *holidays*, often furnishing them with many of their customs.

The word "festival" suggests both holiday and

holy day, and at one time, a festival *was* both: a happy celebration in recognition of a time of jubilation or inspiration, or a solemn festival commemorating a deeply significant religious event. Nowadays, outside the Church itself, most holidays are of the happy variety. But, with the exception of a few recently developed patriotic celebrations, holidays one and all have come down to us from religious sources!

Origins of the truly ancient holidays fall into

about four classes, all religious in character, although not all Christian. Our chief holidays are observed in both Church and lay life, and commemorate important events in the life of our Savior. Others started as Saints' Days, the approximate anniversaries of the birth of great Christians into Eternal Glory. The third group consists of transplanted holy days of the pagans who preceded the Christian era. The fourth class are combinations of the first three.

We can thank the far-sighted early missionaries of the Catholic Church for most of our holidays. No matter how gay or secular they have since become, they all started as a part of the Church Service in the Middle Ages, when Mother Church was also the village gathering place, and the home of the only learning simple folk could obtain.

Going back countless centuries, we find that we derived our holidays, both secular and divine, through about the same evolution. The first two groups, of course, started within the Christian religion. The third and fourth groups had an



older history which was modified by the Church for our use.

Our pagan forefathers—Oriental, Germanic, or Celtic—lacking a true revealed religion, groped about for a Supreme Being to worship, for a divine source of protection and guidance with power beyond their own.

Before our Blessed Redeemer was made flesh to bring the Message of One God to mankind, these childlike ancestors of ours sought comfort and help in worshipping the works of nature. Each primitive tribe, in its own way, made deities of trees, of mountains, of earth or sky—surroundings which mystified and awed them. They worshipped their makeshift gods in what they considered the proper fashion to secure the blessings they needed.

As time went on, these primitive pagans also set aside celebrations at important times of the year, festivals when they reasoned that the worship of their false gods would bring them special favors. Among the first herdsmen, for instance, who knew so little of agriculture that they had to depend upon the uncultivated fruits of the earth to feed their cattle, the first frost meant the closing of the pastures, and the consequent gloomy rites commemorating the end of the year. Contrariwise, the advent of spring was welcomed with gay singing and dancing, because at that season the remaining flocks could return to the pastures and start reproducing their number.

Much later, when men had learned to till the soil and plant food and fodder, the fall season became a joyous harvest festival; and the spring rites were for the purpose of insuring fertility in crops as well as for welcoming the return of the sun. Ploughing time also had its rituals and its parties. Sowing was an occasion for merry-making. And finally, midwinter came to be observed as the end of the old year. Other seasonal festivities grew up, for various reasons, in different localities, while many of the old customs survived side-by-side with new ones, and many of the old practices were transferred to new, more appropriate dates.

So by the time the early Fathers started preaching the Gospel throughout the known world, pagan holidays were so deeply a part of the life of the folk that in many cases they were being celebrated just for the good times they offered.

The Gospel, carrying to the heathens its message of love, purity, and gentleness, was eagerly embraced throughout the Roman Empire. Because it

protected the weak and stood for peace and industry and right living, it rapidly supplanted the unsatisfactory old religions. Nevertheless, the first apostles of Our Lord found it hard to win the childlike people from their age-old practices. Many pagan rites persisted among the new Christians, although most of their meanings had long since been forgotten. But their forms were hard to uproot.

So, filled with ineffable Divine understanding, the wise missionaries recognized this natural inclination to cling to old, though empty, practices, and they did a wonderful thing: they built the Christian Church on the very foundations of the old pagan religions! Sometimes they even used wood from forests that had been sacred to heathen gods for constructing their church buildings. Popular folksongs they often admitted to the liturgy of the Mass, to make the converted feel at home in the new churches. As often as they could, they also took over pagan holidays, sanctifying them with the symbolism of the Feasts of the Holy Catholic Church.

Where the old holidays had elements of a slightly undignified nature, the Fathers retained those parts of the buffoonery which seemed only harmless fun, realizing there is always a bit of the frolicsome child in the best of us. Gradually, as the new Christians came to accept the complete Catholic doctrine, and the Church began to assume its established form, many of the pagan hangovers were carefully dropped. Others were either banned or discarded from the divine services, when they appeared unseemly, and went over into the folkways as secular holidays.

Thus we still have a lot of them, inherited from our remote ancestors on the continent—enough to satisfy our human cravings for a good time every now and then.

The way I feel personally, these occasional good times are increased in pleasure when I think of the history of each holiday I am observing, just as my devotion is increased when I think of the dedication for each holy day of the Church. Believing that many of you may feel the same way, *THE GRAIL* will print the histories of both holidays and holy days from time to time, early enough so that you can be dwelling on the reasons for your various celebrations as they come up. If there are certain days whose origins you would like to plumb, write us about them, and we'll give you what we know.



New Year's Eve

and

Feast of the Circumcision

Shirley Warner

THERE has always been a New Year's Day, since long before there was an England. There will always be a New Year's Day, too, and probably from now on it will remain constant on January 1. But it was not always so.

The most remote records we have are those of the ancient Middle European herdsmen, a Germanic folk, who counted the first frost as the end of the old year. Because they had to take their flocks in from the pastures at that time, they also took to reckoning that period as the end of the warring campaigns which were their main concern in those godless days, and even reckoned tenure of service as beginning about the first of November in our calendar.

Later, when agriculture became more important than herds, the spring thaws, the return of warm weather, and sowing-time seemed a more appropriate period to celebrate as the beginning of the year, since it was at that time that the welfare of the tribes, the fertility of the crops, the increase of the herds, was determined for the next round of seasons. Sowing-time falls sometime in the month of March, in our calendar.

The custom of celebrating the New Year in whatever riotous fashion occurred to the various pagan tribes all over Europe prevailed until about 25 A.D., when Julius Caesar revised the calendar, adding two months, and placing the beginning of the year at January first, by decree. The Chinese New Year (which is all the holidays, including all birthdays, rolled into one week-long festival) had always been observed at the midwinter season for as far back as history records. Even today, in this country, the Chinatown of every big city has its fireworks and its fancy kites and its eating and drinking during January.

The midwinter season had long been a time of celebration among the Romans. The original reason is lost in legend, but probably the best explanation is a natural human tendency to cut loose every once in a while, just as we do on New Year's Eve, April Fool's Day, and other silly times. The way many ancient civilizations relieved their pent-up inhibitions was to allow the underdog his chance to commit grave indignities at the expense of his erst-

while superiors during the period allotted.

In countries and among peoples where there was neither social nor political democracy, this annual reversal of the order was necessary, since the commoners, who were of course the majority, simply had to find expression once in a while under official sanction, or they might have become seriously rebellious. Among all primitive people, there was at least once a year an unrestrained orgy, and it frequently occurred at the end of the calendar year, as if people meant to start afresh after one last fling! Such feasts were held all over the pre-Christian world, from Italy to the Orient. The Babylonians had their Sacaea, the Hebrews their Purim, and the classic Greeks and Romans, their Saturnalia.

The Saturnalia was probably the remote pagan ancestor of our New Year's Eve. Like other midwinter festivals, it featured mainly the unseating of the mighty. It represented a semi-religious revival of the age of gold when, according to Roman mythology, there had been no social differences. During the seven days it held sway (December 17 to 24),

slaves became masters, and the former masters did the menial tasks. Men dressed like women or monsters. Women, for the only time during the year under ancient restrictions, roamed freely, disguised as men. On the fifth day, school boys had their chance to parade from house to house exchanging gifts. Jokes, both verbal and practical, were played on everyone, and large quantities of wine were consumed. There were torchlight processions and maskings by night and day, and so many pranks that no one was safe in the streets.

Growing out of the Saturnalia, the Kalends, celebrated from January 1 to 4, became an even more popular festival. During this period even civil authority was usurped by the common people. They elected a mock ruler, who conducted both festivities and government, and then, as likely as not in those godless days, was murdered as a sacrifice when his reign was over!

Because of the popularity attending their revelry and license, the Kalends followed the spread of the Roman Empire into all the lands of Europe, even into what is now the British Isles.

When Caesar set the beginning of the year on the first day of these Kalends, certain old New Year customs were transferred to that date, such as the practice of decorating the homes with green boughs (such as were obtainable in the locality) and exchanging gifts—both friendly and humorous. Some serious citizens made a practice of calling upon the Senator who represented them and taking him gifts, a sort of unorganized lobbying.

Whether or not these gifts were offered with the proverbial string tied to them, we still retain the custom of making New Year's Day calls, which started so long ago. We Americans got the custom through the New Amsterdam Dutch.

Our New Year's Eve misconduct came from other traditions. The noise and din are so savage in origin that we can never learn just which pagan progenitor first celebrated the New Year by banging on his make-shift drums and cymbals.

The habit of staying up late "to see the New Year in" probably came to us from the early Scots, who had a belief that he who first visited a family in the New Year would prosper throughout the year. Therefore the canny Scotch would go around and call on a neighbor early New Year's Eve, to insure being there when the New Year first dawned! The Scotch still hold open house on New Year's Eve and all through January first.

Waiting for the chimes originated in England long ago. The ancient Britains used to clean out their chimneys on the last day of the old year, so that luck could descend. Then, until midnight all bells were muffled. From the ancient Egyptians had come the connection of the knelling of bells with death. So, as the old year died, the bells all peeled out over every English hamlet, as a signal of "the year is dead; long live the year!"

Even after the Christian Church was established, the Roman Kalends continued among the simple folk of the countryside. With attendant parties, they devoted a week or so to replacing their superiors in office. This the governors meekly permitted, since the holiday was sponsored by the Church, which, in the Middle Ages, was the supreme voice of government.

The tolerant Fathers realized the need of every bumpkin for an occasional "day off," and didn't object so long as he behaved himself reason-

ably well. Meanwhile, the Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord became a day of fast and obligation, at first celebrated on the octave of Christmas. But, according to Luke 2:21 the Circumcision and the bestowing of the name "Jesus, the Savior," took place the eighth day after the Infant's birth. This anniversary would make the Feast fall on January 1, the first day of the Kalends, and a bad time for a solemn celebration.

However, the correct date for the commemoration, eight days after Christmas, could not be gainsaid, in addition to which it seemed right for the Church to have a holy day to usher in the new calendar year. Once more the wise Fathers were inspired with a correct solution of the age-old struggle between the material and the spiritual in man. The second Council of Tours prescribed prayers and a Mass of expiation for New Year's Day, so that the pagan crimes of the Kalends would be atoned for by Christian fasts and the Roman January 1 was preserved to us as the Feast of the Circumcision of Our Lord.

Later, during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, New Year's Day was celebrated on the Feast of the Annunciation, March 25, in most of Christian Europe. The Annunciation was—rightly—regarded by the Church as a more significant beginning than Caesar's January 1.

Meanwhile, to prove the limitless understanding of the early pontiffs, a New Year's holiday was even countenanced for a while within the Church itself. Sometimes in the interval between St. Nicholas' Day (December 6) and the Feast of the Circumcision, the lower clergy assumed authority and elected a mock prelate from among themselves.

Like their agricultural brothers and sisters, the "esclaffardi," which is the religious equivalent of the "mob," had their dances, songs, feasting, ball-playing (sometimes, alas, at the altar!), and their *charivari* in the streets. At first there were four separate celebrations: St. Stephen's Day, December 26, when the deacons had their chance to cavort; St. John's Day, December



27, when the priests had theirs; Holy Innocents', December 28, when the thurifers and choir boys elected a Boy Bishop; and the feast of the subdeacons on January 1. Later the four merged into one Feast of Foels, usually culminating on the Day of the Circumcision.

A rather touching development was the custom of electing a Boy Bishop, which became Europe-wide before it outlived its usefulness. Mediaeval church schools were the only places for boys, and they were not conducted on the principle of "spare the rod and spoil the child." Once enrolled in a choir school, a boy had nothing to look forward to but hard study and church duties, until he had finished his course. To him holidays were only solemn holy days. Therefore, any Saint's Day that might be interpreted as a children's holiday was seized upon to celebrate with every possible relaxation for the fun-loving schoolboys.

The little Bishop was chosen because of his good looks and his high standing in school. His reign was chiefly a good influence, at least upon himself, since he often got the idea of aspiring to wear the real mitre one day. He was "ordained" on the eve of St. Nicholas' Day and renounced his office at vespers on the eve of Holy Innocents'. Often he would deliver truly edifying sermons, written by an established scholar of the Church, and would grant prayers and benedictions which the townsfolk pretended to receive gratefully.



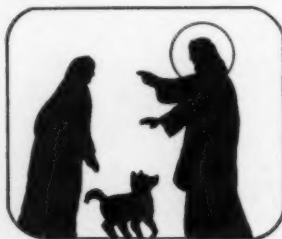
During his tenure of office he would often lead his midget retinue solemnly through the streets, where they would lay the rich villagers under contribution and accept hospitality from the poor.

Of course abuses crept in, especially during the parades, which often turned into such extravagant pageants that the mock prelates and their corteges were exposed to ridicule. Also, one by one, these elaborate games were replaced by legitimate holy day feasts, many of which still cluster about the beginning of the New Year.

But, as usual, the fun continued throughout Europe in the form of New Year's Eve festivities, in which children took an increasingly important part. Adults, too, seized the merriment that prevailed as an excuse to throw off restraint and revert to the childlike good humor which is an indelible part of human nature.

GOSPEL MOVIES

BY P.K.



"Whose little daughter had an unclean spirit." —St. Mark 7:25

DOG BISCUITS

WHEN the Canaanite woman asked our Lord to drive the devil out of her daughter, He wished to try her faith in Him by giving her a seemingly negative answer. He said: "Let the children first have their fill, for it is not fair to take the children's bread and to cast it to the dogs." But she answered: "Yes, Lord; for even the dogs under the table eat of the children's crumbs." To which Jesus replied: "Because of this answer, go thy way; the devil has gone out of thy daughter."

There is a little devil in each of us whose name is "Dissatisfaction." We are not content with the crumbs of graces or talents that God in His infinite wisdom and goodness has given us, but we long for the dainties that His other children enjoy. When we dine out, the food on our neighbor's plate appears more tasty than that on our own. Yet, it merely *appears* to be so, for it all comes from the same pot. What we must do is to season it to suit our individual taste with the condiment of contentment. The same holds when we dine at home, and not merely with regard to food, but (to continue the figure) when God serves us a dish of "hash," made up of an accumulation of the odds and ends of everyday family life that have to be "downed" because they are too valuable to be thrown away. Contentment is the sauce that makes these odds and ends both palatable and profitable for putting on more of the spiritual weight of perfection. In this regard we need not watch our waistline but only the waste of many splendid opportunities to achieve holiness.

Chromium Plating the Kids

Edward A. Harrigan

"FOR HEAVEN'S sake, what are you up to now?" inquired my wife from the back door.

"It's for the good of the whole neighborhood," I muttered, as I laid a 2 x 4 edgewise on the ground. "I'm trying my hand at a little carpentry."

"So I see," she replied. "But why not be a bit more specific?" She knew I didn't know the difference between a bucksaw and a sawbuck, I knew she knew it, and she knew I knew she knew it.

"Well, you asked for it, so I'll tell you." By this time I had all the joists of a small floor laid, and was nailing down the first of the floor boards.

"I'm going to finish this floor," I began, kicking a kiddie car so hard that it landed in the bushes across the yard. "Then I'm going to put up the sides. Then I'm going to roof the thing. It will have a door in front. No windows; nope, no windows. There will be a padlock on the door."

"When the building is finished, I'm going to send for every brat in this block. I'll promise each one a long stick of hard, chewy candy. But first, he must put his bike or trike or what have you in this building. *And he'd better put it in.*"

"I'll hide the candy way down the street, under that big hedge. When the last sidewalk contraption in the neighborhood has been parked here, I'll send the mob for the candy. While they are thumping and clawing one another over it, I'll lock the door of this building."

"Then I'll take some dynamite—" My eyes gleamed; my wife shuddered, "and some blasting powder, and some other stuff I have down in the basement (she gasped) and blow the shed and all its damned contents to kingdom come!" My wife swayed as I closed the quote, so I appended, reassuringly, "It will be in the best interest of the whole neighborhood."

My spouse didn't faint, however, nor did she talk to me soothingly; neither did she phone for a padded ambulance and seven husky guards. For up to this point, my narrative has been fiction. But mark this; I'm handing out facts from here on. My oldest youngster had just asked for one of those motor-powered hybrids, a cross between a so-called scooter and a motorcycle that will do at least 20 miles per hour and make more noise, by day or night, than a putt-putting gasoline-driven rural washing machine. I was merely explaining

that drastic measures ought to be taken to bring to public attention a situation that has grown into a formidable problem. Bluntly and briefly, too many parents are spending too much money on their children. This is a grave injustice to their own children and ours; and it is making the going dog-gone tough for everyone—especially us.

When we bought and moved into our home in this particular part of Suburbia a couple of years ago, eyebrows were hoisted and noses looked down when it was learned that the new family had five kids and the promise of a sixth. Of course, that was before the professors issued their edict expanding the average American family by a fraction of a child to, I believe, four. We about doubled the juvenile population of this block of two dozen-odd families, you see, and staid—and childless, one-child, or child-and-a-dog—couples were concerned about their lawns. (I am proud to report that their fears have not materialized.) Needless to say, there were no callers dropping in to welcome us to the community: that neighborly chore was entrusted to the chamber of commerce "hostess," who gave us, with gusto, a basket of groceries—and, casually, a sheaf of tradesmen's come-on cards and coupons. Equally needless to say, we didn't squirm any over that situation, for we have quite a bit of fun among ourselves.

We noticed all the other symptoms of that highly contagious disease, keeping-up-with-the-joneses-itis: sleek front yards, man-of-the-house maintained; owners painting their own homes by day and sallying forth in tails and long gowns by night; golf chatter; rapid turnover in canned foods, nearly-new cars, and \$5-a-week maids. That didn't worry us, either, so long as only the adults were infected. We remembered, grimly, the farmer's hired hand we had once seen who, with fingernails effeminately carmined, was busily forking dung from the barnyard pile atop which he stood. But when the parents around us began deliberately inoculating their own children with the disease from which they themselves suffered (let's call it jones-itis for short), it became something to sit up and take notice of.

When we came into this bald-headed community of petty executives, salesmen of various services and commodities, tolerance-spouting women's civic club members and supporters of the gardening maga-

zines and the advertisers therein, the few kids in the block were having a glorious time with roller skates, dolls and doll houses, ice skates and Indian suits, marbles and baseballs. True to their gang instincts, they played together early and late, and in each others' homes and back yards. Alas, this idyllic situation was not to endure.

One morning a youngster showed up with a scooter—one of those two-wheeled affairs which, with a foot board between the wheels and an up-right handle in front for steering, looks like a recumbent V for Victory. But this wasn't an ordinary scooter of strap iron and disk wheels: oh, no; this was a streamlined job with air tires, flashily painted red and blue—it was a honey, all right. In less time than it takes the fellow behind you to honk when the traffic light changes, roller skates became passe.

"Daddy, mamma, can't we have a scooter?"

"Well..." Mamma and daddy had to do some fast thinking.

"A scooter with balloon tires, like Archie's."

Oh, oh! It had to have balloon tires, "like Archie's." Mother and I didn't like the ring of that very well. We stalled, and talked the matter over after the youngsters had gone to bed. My wife thought that maybe I and the oldest boy could make a scooter out of an apple box, a board, and the wheels of the now despised roller skates—the kind you and I used to tear down the sidewalk with. Would that I had followed her suggestion.

"But that would be pretty noisy. After all, there is Mrs. Grumpy and her headaches..."

We did decide that maybe our boys and girls did need some equipment in addition to roller skates. The younger ones were too small to use the skates, after all. We could get something for all of them to use, perhaps; something that would provide more than merely the thrill of speed on wheels. How about a coaster wagon? The next day we put the proposition up to our young hopefuls. "Anyway, you wouldn't want people saying you got a scooter just because Archie got one, would you now?"

We reasoned, moreover, that a coaster wagon would be something that not only they but all their little visitors could use. We wanted them to be generous, charitable, social. Dubiously, they acceded to the compromise.

"Archie will probably be glad to play with the coaster too, and surely he'll let you take turns on his scooter once in a while." And that is the way it did work out, for quite a while.

On week-end jaunts, I carried a metal bushel basket in the car trunk, and brought home sand for

our sand box. Hours upon end, the coaster could be seen parked alongside the sand box while the heads of a dozen kids bobbed up and down as they wielded spoons and shovels. The older ones played at being construction contractors; the younger ones flung sand high and wide for the sheer joy of the act. The sand was loaded and hauled up and down the alley and around the block; so were bricks and sticks and the baby. The lawn was cut; the grass was gleefully raked and cocked and hauled and stacked. The coaster wagon became a neighborhood appurtenance. It became virtually common property. That was all right; it kept the little ones together, kept them busy, kept them within hailing distance. We had planned it that way! We congratulated ourselves for having not only adroitly extricated ourselves from a desperate position, but for having at the same time turned the situation to the youngsters' advantage.

But this juvenile democracy was soon to be shipwrecked upon the shoals of snobbery—innocent, to be sure, but just that, nevertheless. In our block is one of those pathetic products of our divorce courts: a broken home. The employed divorcee leaves her de-fathered offspring in charge of its ailing grandmother during the day. This poor little mother it was who sabotaged our good ship *Utopia*. She torpedoed it from a small bicycle; then fled with the bike.

I am not denying anyone's right to buy her kid a bike. But this instance certainly drove me and all the other parents in the block right smack back behind the eight ball. It also broke several children's hearts and swelled one's head. The juvenile armament race I am telling about had not yet developed into anything near the proportions it had reached at the time of my imaginary back-yard blasting. Nevertheless, I suspected there was trouble ahead as soon as I saw the bicycle being unpacked. I knew it, the very first time one of my little daughters made a deal with playmate Mickey for a ride around the block on it.

The transportation borrower apparently didn't get back quite as soon as she should have, for shrill words were passed between her and the owner upon her return. Soon, Mickey's mamma hove pontifically over the horizon and dropped anchor between the pair. I saw the episode, but kept in the background; somehow I am not inclined to interfere in children's quarrels, short of blood letting. However, it was made quite plain then and there and subsequently that the sidewalk bike was intended for the exclusive use of its owner, even though, later, said owner habitually parked it in our backyard to play with our coaster or shake a

few apples from our trees. In fact, mamma soon delivered a honeyed homily, expressing the conviction (in my hearing) that "it would be best if each little boy and girl used just his or her *own* toys." Reluctantly, I had to admit I was licked on that flank. I put my foot down and irrevocably forbade all of my children to touch any of Mickey's things, even though she gave her permission.

Counterattacking, and outraging my youngsters' rather strongly developed sense of justice, I also made it clear that no such prohibition existed with respect to their sharing *their* toys with others, Mickey not excluded. I feel bad for Mickey—a sweet little thing when I first knew her a couple of years ago, she's getting so now that she speaks the language of adults and has even begun to order around the grown-ups of the neighborhood.

What with the sand pile, and the coaster, and a tricycle (with solid, not balloon, tires), my younger children were pretty well provided for, but it made me choke to behold the older ones standing wistfully at the front gate, watching an ever-lengthening progression of kiddie cars, tricycles and bicycles, streamlined all, go a-whizzing by. The deadly and swiftly striking jones-itis was by now ravaging the whole neighborhood. My kids, naturally, had caught it. Despite vows to keep myself immune, I succumbed. Weakly salving my conscience with the knowledge of an approaching birthday (a cake and candles would have sufficed a year before), I added a handcar to the neighborhood fleet of wheeled hardware.

Of course, it was not long before I and all the other parents in the block were again outdone. Contraptions multiplied and pedestrians taking to the alleys, after a smirking neighbor showed us the full force of the competition. I don't even recall now what the thing was that he mounted his boy on; but I do remember that it made me so mad that I just gasped—and groveled in jones-itis. Without even consulting the calendar for another family birthday, I went out and bought a bicycle for my oldest daughter. She has had special instructions to permit any child in the neighborhood to ride it now and then, with the one proviso that care is taken not to injure it or any pedestrian. I confess, too, that these instructions no longer proceeded solely from my character-building objective. I've had the unholy satisfaction of watching isolated kids break quarantine to ride it; best of all, of seeing cellophane-wrapped Mickey fall off of it—even in the presence of her bewildered mamma.

But with the bicycle, and the hollow revenge it brought me, I gave up. My sense of humor sud-

denly reasserting itself, my jones-itis expired. A heavy, greenish fog lifted from around me, and I stood back and had two long looks; one at my neighbors and the other at myself. In the first instance, I permitted myself a belly laugh that would have done justice to any jackass, and then felt very grave. In the second, I roared until the tears filled my vest pockets and then broke a leg trying to kick with my heel instead of my toe.

The neighborhood, I am sorry to say, still does and will continue to wallow in its jones-itis. The block is full of pedestrian perils—and headachy Mrs. Grumpy's horse-voiced only daughter has started taking singing lessons.

I've definitely quit buying mechanical junk; my youngsters will have to get along with what they already have—and they know it—and I don't believe the lesson in self-denial is going to hurt them. I hope the world they will have to live in allows them a few roses, but I want them to be prepared for the thorns that accompany each bloom. I don't want them hanging themselves up on ropes in the attic because a highschool classmate drives a better car than I can give them, nor do I want them jumping from 20-story buildings because the market goes up for a neighbor but down for them.

I've headed off Junior's present demand for a motor-powered scooter by buying him a cash-register bank. Magically, he has quit spending every cent that comes his way: it fascinates him to see his savings grow. He's saving for the scooter.

But I've a hunch that his yearning for it is going to pass. For, once more moving and having our being in an atmosphere of common sense, we have undertaken a project—something constructive. We had a pair of baby-carriage wheels in the basement, and I brought home a couple of more wheels from an old coaster wagon the last time we visited our country place. (They were from that coaster I backed into when I was taking the car out of the garage a few years back; I knew just where they were buried in the high grass near the lilacs.) With these, and some rods off the junked Maxwell on the same farm, we are building a foot-propelled chugmobile. Junior figures he is doing most of the work; he's mighty proud, and we're both having a swell time. Moreover, when the chug gets out on the street, I'll eat a race track if it doesn't start a chug epidemic and put every scooter, bike and trike in the block in the obsolete-battleship class. It will, or I don't know boys, in spite of what chromium-plated parents try to make of them. And that, furthermore, will be for the good of the whole neighborhood.

ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

FROM our Indian Missions in the Dakotas comes the news of great building activity. Years of effort have yielded fruit. Now two of our missionaries are forced to build larger churches to gather in the harvest of Indian souls. Father Ildephonse, O.S.B., missionary at St. Michael's, North Dakota, sends a favorable report on the progress of his new building. The message from Father Ildephonse is not all news; it has a little suggestion also. "We certainly will appreciate any good word you will put in for us with some influential friends with means, who will have the good will to do something for our Mission." At Marty, South Dakota, Father Sylvestre, O.S.B., has also become a church builder. He informs us that the new building will soon be completed. The pictures show a fine spacious edifice. Its size can easily accommodate the increasing Indian family of St. Paul's Mission. When the devout Indian congregation attends services in the new St. Paul's Church it will constantly be reminded of St. Meinrad's Abbey, the home of Marty's missionaries. Father Sylvestre selected St. Meinrad sandstone for the interior of the new church. Accepting the suggestion offered by Father Ildephonse we here "put in a good word" with our family of *GRAIL* readers for our two "wise architects" in the Indian Missions.

FATHER Benedict's activity as the new pastor at Huntingburg was short lived. Instead of parochial activity he has had hospital quiet. An infection in his leg developed into a case of blood poison that looked rather serious when the doctors began their treatment. Father Benedict was sent to St. Mary's Hospital, Evansville, Indiana, for the special care he needed. The doctors now report that the poisoned condition was detected in time to forestall serious complications. Recuperation has been a slow process

and Father Benedict is still confined to his hospital room.

THE RECENT illness of our veteran pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Indiana, necessitated some changes. Father Basil suffered a slight stroke last August and has not yet recovered sufficient strength to resume his active duties. To assist in the parish work Father Dominic was assigned to the Jasper parish. This appointment called Father Dominic from his work as Farm Superintendent—complete charge of the Abbey's extensive farm that provides the food for our large family of 500 persons. Within a few months it became evident that Father Dominic's constant supervision was required to keep the farm department operating efficiently. Father Abbot recalled Father Dominic to the Abbey and sent Father Matthias to help in the parochial work at Jasper. Father Matthias had been assisting Father Meinrad with the clerical work in the Treasury Office. Fathers Matthew, Matthias, and Bertrand are now helping Father Roman at the parish in Jasper.

THE FALL came rather late in the music department this year. On December 7 and 14 the Abbey Symphony Orchestra presented its Fall Music Festival, its first concert during this school year. Favorable comments from critics and audience assure Father Rudolph and his musicians that their playing reached a new level in the music world of our institution. Concert numbers included selections from the masters played by the orchestra and solo parts offered by members of the orchestra. The program was a survey of the whole field of music at the Abbey—instrumental and vocal. The St. Gregory Chancel Choir, accompanied by the Symphony Orchestra, offered as a concluding number the dramatic composition of our Father Vincent: "Tu Es Petrus."

AUTHORS are usually known only in the world of books, but it is always an experience to meet them

in real life. Many books on our library shelves bear the name "Theodore Maynard" and testify that their author is well known to the book-lovers of our school. After listening to Doctor Maynard's silent speaking in the pages of his books we were glad to meet him in person and hear his lecture. There is the droll wit, vivaciousness and charm of rural England in his manner and speech that captivate his audience. It was a treat to hear a well known writer discuss a famous author. Doctor Maynard selected as his subject the fascinating, but puzzling paradox of literature—G. K. Chesterton. The lecture seemed to be a personal review of an interesting friendship rather than a dull presentation of facts and evaluation of literary style. Doctor Maynard and Chesterton had much in common—their conversion to the Catholic Church, their outlook on the literary profession, their labors as authors, and their mutual friendship. Doctor Maynard enriched our knowledge of Chesterton with many personal views of a friend and admirer.

IN 1907 a young priest knelt at the feet of Pope Pius X to receive his papal blessing on a world-wide mission adventure. Last month our Abbey and Seminary became part of his mission field when the renowned Father Matheo Crowley, S.S.CC., visited us. This zealous priest is popularly known as the "Apostle of the Enthronement of the Sacred Heart." His personal experiences with extraordinary conversions sound like a romance of divine mercy and grace. Father Matheo's special message for the priest and seminarian is personal holiness—the need of being a fit instrument in the task of saving souls. His dynamic energy and ardent zeal easily fire the enthusiasm of future apostles. Father Matheo's visit and two lectures helped our future priests to realize the importance of the motto inscribed on the threshold of the Seminary: "Virtus et Scientia" (Holiness and Knowledge).

Holy Woulds from Hollywood

David Hanna

WOULD YOU like to hear a few of the comments from others than critics who are calling "One Foot In Heaven," the filmization of Hartzell Spence's best-selling biography of his father, a Methodist minister—one of the truly great pictures of our time?

Coming out of Warner Brothers Hollywood Theatre a man was heard to say, "That's the first picture I ever saw in which they were not ashamed to pray. Most pictures apologize to the public before they mention the name of God—then the actors seem suddenly to become self-conscious until *he's* well out of the picture again. But that isn't true of "One Foot In Heaven." Here, at last, religion takes its place bravely and tops all the theories of "new thought," "isms" and "ologies" which have been crammed down the public's throat via Hollywood's picture industry."

A woman of the world told your reporter that, so far as she can recall, "One Foot In Heaven" is positively the first picture in which she has heard so many prayers. "Most gratifying," she went on, "is the fact that the majority—if not all—are prayers of thanksgiving. There's a scene where the minister and a simple gardener kneel down to thank and praise Almighty God—two real men with the courage of their religious convictions."

"One Foot In Heaven" represents a marked step forward in motion picture annals. It is a great and distinguished effort which accomplishes the dual purpose of being highly dramatic and moving—yet completely and utterly simple. It has been beautifully produced—with rare dignity and directed by Irving Rapper, whose motivation of the story and handling of the players reflect his striking comprehension of the fervor that went into the extraordinary screenplay by Casey Robinson. Frederic March plays the leading role—alternating gusto with moments of intense underacting. Martha Scott is happily cast as his devoted wife and the supporting members of

the company are composed of some of the best and most capable character artists in filmland—Beulah Bondi, Gene Lockhart, Elisabeth Fraser, Harry Davenport, Laura Hope Crews, Grant Mitchell, Mornoi Olsen, Frankie Thomas, Jerome Cowan, Ernest Cossart, Nana Bryant, Carlotta Jelm, Peter Caldwell, and Casey Johnson.

WOULD YOU like to know something about one of the featured players in this picture? She is Nana Bryant who, in the opening scenes, is charged with the heavy responsibility of setting much of the pace and mood for the following sequences, with her charming portrayal of Martha Scott's mother. For years she was one of America's best-known and loved stock stars—playing in San Francisco, Los Angeles, Salt Lake City, Denver and other key cities. She came to New York to play opposite Joseph Schildkraut in the great hit, "The Firebrand." There followed a succession of hit shows in which Nana was starred—"The Connecticut Yankee," "Once In a Lifetime," and "Du Barry" in which she shared honors with Grace Moore. One night Miss Moore was indisposed—the understudy melted away into a state of hysterics at the prospects of singing and playing the arduous role. Miss Bryant learned the entire score and part within twenty-four hours and went on that night to enthusiastic applause from a capacity audience. A few years later she came to Hollywood under contract to Columbia. Lately she has been a free lance actress—best known for her appearances in the Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean musicals.

WOULD YOU believe that the best place to catch up with the stars is after the eleven o'clock Mass at the Jesuit Church of the Blessed Sacrament in the heart of Hollywood? Jewish and Protestant players are found there often—some-

times by themselves—many times in the company of Catholic actors. The Jesuits have long ceased to criticize their female parishioners who insist upon wearing slacks to church (well cut and very stylish). The lovely ladies of the screen spend much of their time glamorizing and beautifying themselves for their appearances before the cameras and the public. They like to feel they can pray without ostentation and as a result church is a popular place in the film colony. The good fathers wisely reason that this is a happier state than might occur if they tried to talk the gals out of their gay, informal and friendly habits.

WOULD YOU believe that a top-flight star like Melvyn Douglas would spend Christmas away from his lovely home in Hollywood's Outpost Estates—down in hot, dusty India? Well, that has been the case for the past three years. Melvyn and his wife, the beautiful stage star, Helen Gahagan, are the hosts each year to thousands of migratory workers and their children. They drive from far and near to one of the government camps where gifts, food, toys for the youngsters, clothes, etc., are distributed from the motion picture colony. It is thrilling to see a woman like Helen Gahagan in action. No bejeweled Lady Bountiful but a simple woman, like those she helps, Helen is up at the crack of dawn—supervising preparations—setting the tables and taking care of the thousand and one details that accompany such a vast project. For eight and ten hours at a time she stands on her feet—rushing here and there—handling every conceivable problem. At the end of the day—when the others are dead on their feet—Helen is still smiling and laughing—usually she's planning a bigger and more extensive fete for the following Christmas. A rare couple, these two, unappreciated by their co-workers in the motion picture industry and misunderstood by a vast portion of the movie-going public.

A VITAL problem facing mankind is a just and equitable distribution of wealth and production. Many theories have been advanced, some very good, some indifferent, and some very bad. Today, much of the world is busy trying to bring one of its worst theories into being: the theory that taking the substance of one class and giving it arbitrarily to another, regardless of merit,—either by physical force or legal compulsions expressly created for the purpose—will create the harmony which the world seeks. Justice and happiness are never obtained by catering to one group at the expense of another group equally deserving of the same justice and happiness; for, if true justice is to exist, the rights and welfare of all concerned must be safeguarded and promoted. The Catholic social-justice program is based upon the inherently correct fundamental that, in all production and distribution of wealth, no class or group—such as Capital or Labor—has any inherent right to enrich itself at the expense of the common good.

Since neither monopolistic Capitalism nor Totalitarianism in any form is productive of justice and happiness for the masses, let us consider a plan in which Capital and Labor become partners in the production of wealth to the extent that they share, according to merit in individual cases, the ownership, management, and profits of their enterprises. This plan, especially as advanced in various Papal Encyclicals, meets all the higher ideals of the production and sharing of the world's wealth. Since it is based solely upon the God-given rights of all concerned and not upon the self-arrogated rights of any particular class or group, it is bound to succeed where hundreds of professorial theories, many well intentioned but fundamentally unsound, have failed because their advocates talked too much about wage differentials and not enough about the inherent rights of man.

That numerous attempts to have Labor share in the profits of production have failed is an undeniable fact, often causing the idea to be termed far more realistic than practical. Failure can be traced, however, not to any weakness in the proposal itself, but to weaknesses in methods of attempting to effect it. Nothing that is only half or three-quarters correct can be rightfully expected to produce results 100% favorable and failures can usually be traced to the omission of vital considerations.

The proper rights and privileges of four factors must be maintained in any successful plan for a Capital-Labor partnership: Capital, Management, Labor, and Public. Any plan predicated upon a disadvantage to one or more of these factors is

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doomed to fail of its proper goal; a proposition, to be successful, must stabilize or increase the happiness and welfare of all concerned. This happiness and welfare includes the elimination of class struggles and hatreds as well as increased economic benefits. Let us review what a Capital-Labor partnership must mean to the four factors involved.

To Capital it must mean increased earnings, for the sole purpose of capital investment is to secure financial returns. Used morally, Capital aims to secure the highest return possible, consistent with the common good. Used immorally—as in monopolistic Capitalism—it tries to secure the highest possible returns regardless of the misery caused. But Capital in any guise, since it now feels entitled to all profits over the cost of production, must see a partnership with Labor bringing it increased returns to be good and profitable business instead of enforced or voluntary charity. Many attempts to create such partnerships have failed because the mechanics of the plan used decreased rather than increased Capital's returns, bringing about the attempt's demise or a disgruntlement which nullified its purposes.

Management also must be satisfied. While very often Management and Capital are vested in the same persons, the trend in today's corporations, especially larger ones, is towards a highly scattered ownership through public-held stock. This has given rise to professional Managers, men whose high salaries and large bonuses depend upon the profitable operation of business. Since Management looks to ownership for its gains, it rarely becomes too enthusiastic in any plan which creates a greater happiness for the workers at the investors' expense.

Labor must be satisfied. It might be assumed that Labor would leap at a partnership with Capital, but this has not always been true. In many cases Labor has justly suspected that a profit-sharing arrangement was either a plan permitting the payment of less than a standard wage or that some other disadvantage would accrue. For a Capital-Labor partnership to produce increased returns to all, Labor must first be guaranteed the continuance of a wage, standard or better, and then be shown where its increased cooperation will add to its earnings through a participation in

Labor Partnership

C. McGinnis

profits, this participation not to call for the relinquishing of any rights now enjoyed by Labor or the assumption of any liabilities.

The Public's interest must also be safeguarded in any Capital-Labor agreement. It is plain that to increase Labor's gains by heavy price increases would soon bring a public condemnation which would be equally ruinous to Capital, Management, and Labor. Therefore any gains to these three factors must be made from increased efficiency in operation and production. To do otherwise would be nothing more than a formal kind of blackmail upon the consumer.

To satisfy Capital, Labor, Management, and the Public all in one deal seems like a very large order; and although the highest possible authorities say the welfare of all four must be properly protected, there are literally millions of Americans who sadly shake their heads and say it simply can't be done. Usually they are those people who believe it inevitable that the pendulum of favor must swing violently back and forth between Capital and Labor until finally, perhaps, something near a dead center point may be reached. These skeptics also usually believe that religion must be always reserved for the higher ideals and the wishful thinking in life, claiming it to be usually too impracticable for successful application to the realities of everyday existence. They are the ones who believe that the encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI are wonderful reading for those rare moments when one may lay reality aside and treat oneself to delicious ponderings of philosophical speculations based upon ethereal planes. Yet one thing is most certain: those who most persistently—although, perhaps, also most regretfully—deny the practicability of the encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno* as solutions to the rough and tumble, and often bloody, struggles between Capital and Labor, will agree that, all speculations aside, the proof of a pudding is always in the eating.

Although operating plans for Labor's participation in the profits of its production number around two hundred, let us examine impartially one which has been operating for 23 years and which was born of 20 years experiments. The Joslyn Plan, operated by the Joslyn Manufacturing and Supply

Company of Chicago, Illinois, will celebrate its twenty-third anniversary on January 1, 1942. Although space prevents going into the history and philosophy behind The Joslyn Plan—which we shall hereafter call simply the Plan—it is interesting to know that its founder, Marcellus L. Joslyn, graduated from both Notre Dame University and Harvard Law School, thus acquiring for himself a most excellent background, not only for the practice of the philosophy of man's relation to man but also for the discerning of basic and realistic angles of many problems.

Let us first see how the Capital end of the above corporation fared during the first twenty years of the Plan's operation. We must remember that if Capital shares its rightful earnings with an undeserving Labor, the system smacks of either paternalism or charity; neither of which is acceptable to desirable profit-sharing, since the chief proponents of a Capital-Labor partnership maintain that Capital gains as well as Labor. Since it is generally admitted that an employer who neglects the welfare, contentment, and prosperity of his employees permits his own welfare to suffer ultimately through the indifference, ill will, and inefficiency of his workers, then the employer who treats his workers in accordance with the best ethics of the Capital-Labor relationship should rightfully expect to increase his own welfare.

On January 1, 1919, when the Plan was commenced, the book value of each share of the Joslyn Company's common stock was \$475. During the first year of the Plan's operation this stock paid a \$24 dividend. Later in the year, each share was exchanged by the Company for 10 shares. In 1920-21-22, the annual dividend jumped to \$40. Space prevents recording annual dividends separately, but they increased steadily until, at the end of 1929, the original holder of one share held 80 shares and received a dividend of \$224 on his original investment. In 1932-33-34-35, the corporation paid no dividends, due to the depression. However, in 1936, an annual dividend of \$304 was paid, this dividend increasing to \$388 in 1937. In 1938, the earnings dropped again, this time being \$160, due to the "little depression" which followed the temporary upswing in 1937.

In short, the stockholder who, in 1919, held one share of stock valued at \$475, increased his investment holdings through stock dividends to \$3,280 by the end of 1938. In addition he received cash dividends of \$1,928, which made a total return of \$5208 over the 20 year period involved. Such dividends show that the Plan has been highly satisfactory to Capital's interests which, despite the

depression, increased its return far above its earnings before the benefits of the Capital-Labor partnership were available.

In this particular case, Capital and Management were much the same; yet the satisfaction to Management in its executive capacity can be used as an indicator of how similar conditions would affect a Management employed by Capital to produce results, Management's welfare to depend upon the net profits obtained. The stockholder's earnings indicate that the Plan benefited Management, but there is also another factor which must be considered—the lack of difficulty with which the corporation's officers achieved their ends.

When the Plan started in 1919, labor turnover was exceptionally heavy in all concerns, much of it being due to post-war restlessness and readjustments. The Joslyn Company had its full share of trouble and the company was losing heavy potential profits because of it. In 1919, only a small percentage of the company's ordinary labor had been with it for as much as three years. Within three years after the Plan's installation, all abnormal labor turnover had stopped and efficiency had increased so greatly that department heads and foremen reported that already the benefits exceeded the Plan's cost. During the twenty year period ending in 1938, the company had no labor trouble whatsoever and lost not a single manager, salesman, or office man of any value. The dismissals approximated three a year, for of the 270 employees who left the company, only 62 were dismissals. Some of the resignations were due to marriage, or to a desire to withdraw accumulated profits to enter business, or to other good reasons. Only 5% gave no reason for leaving. Without doubt a condition of this kind is Management's dream.

Let us now look at Labor's gains. Since Joslyn workers are contented and interested in their work, as indicated by the above figures, their financial return is the chief remaining point. At first the workers were doubtful and quite suspicious of the Plan, feeling sure it contained a hidden joker, probably being a fore-runner of low wages. This was offset by the announcement that wages would continue to be as high as those paid by leading competitors or higher, which has been done.

The Company had planned that an employee contributing \$100 a year from his earnings would have about \$22,000 to his credit by the time he had paid in \$2,000, or in 20 years. At that rate, a worker commencing at 30 and retiring at 60 (the retirement age at which the worker is paid all his accrued benefits) would have approximately \$45,000—a tidy

little sum for a man saving less than \$10 a month. However, the depression's lean years retarded Company earnings, so that, instead of the worker having \$22,000 at the end of 20 years, he had \$19,837. Even this amount isn't at all bad, for very few workers saving less than \$10 a month can retire at the end of 20 years with an accumulation of nearly \$20,000, plus high wages for the same period, life and disability insurance features, and hospitalization coverages not touched upon here. Should a worker desire to contribute \$200 a year to the Plan from his wages, he would have nearly \$40,000 at the end of the 20 years and, of course, a still higher amount should there be more than 20 years until his retirement at 60. An employee who saved only \$70 a year out of his earnings, paid into the Plan \$1400 during the 20 year period, but had to his credit on December 31, 1938, the sum of \$13,885, or about ten times his savings.

One might go on giving different examples, but the above show plainly what actually was done during the first 20 years of the Plan's operation, despite five of the most depressing years ever known to business. Because of space, various other benefits have been only hinted at; there are other items which round out a program of social justice and security for the worker. The greatly increased dividends to the stockholders in addition to the profit-sharing of the employees prove how astonishingly earnings can be increased when the worker is given proper incentive.

The Joslyn Plan is admittedly not the final word in Capital-Labor partnership, but it is a long step in the right direction and proves how successfully the idea works for all concerned when its operation is based upon correct fundamentals. It does not solve the entry of Labor into industry's management, which is a much more difficult problem. Nor does it provide for a direct sharing of ownership. However, it does provide for a direct participation in the proceeds deriving from ownership and relieves management of much of its responsibility. While further progress in Capital-Labor partnership is being developed, it provides an ample reward for continuous satisfactory service and provides a penalty for failure to give it; it furnishes adequate disability insurance, protects old age, and provides, under certain circumstances, an emergency credit fund for the worker during the years when his financial stress is the heaviest. But, above all, it proves most definitely to even the most skeptical that Capital and Labor both do much better when working together instead of trying to cut each other's throat. It is part of the Christian solution for this age old problem.



The Jester's Prayer

Illustrated by Pierre Juzet

It was in late November, 1226, that the Court Jester of Anresson announced to his lord that the ambitious and much feared Hugh of Valmondroid was at the castle gates, ready to appropriate the castle, to put to death the Lord Jean, and to banish his daughter and sole heir, Raimonde. The faithful Jester, who had prayed that Raimonde's would be an unusual life—one in which she would bring peace and beauty into the lives of others—smuggled the child out of the castle and took her to a convent of nuns at Des Fleurs. A mishap in their flight resulted in a lapse of memory for Raimonde, and try as she would, she could not recall any of the circumstances of her early life. At the convent Raimonde learnt to play the lute and to sing. When a band of traveling troubadours stopped to beg bread at the convent gate, Raimonde felt a desire to join them. Her opportunity came during the night, and disguised as a baker's boy, she joined the troupe in their encampment.

CHAPTER IV

THE MOON FLOWER

(Continued)

AT DAWNING, when the sun's first rays appeared in the east, even before the convent bells rang, the strolling group had their preparations well under way. After eating a well cooked, hearty breakfast, the troubadours gathered into a circle, standing erect with their heads high, and their hands and feet still; they listened to their leader, Alexandrois, as he quoted:

The Rules of Life for Wandering Troubadours

"A good troubadour must be as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove; as pliable as a willow and as steadfast as the oak. He should have learning without pedantry, wisdom untainted with folly. He should possess the keenest insight into character combined with the tact to mould himself to every disposition. He must be amiable without being a parasite and edifying without becoming tedious, his merriment must be unalloyed with levity and his joviality must be combined with the strictest temperance. He should be an authority on matters of etiquette and a model in point of dress, modest, without being shy and prudent without being sordid. In short a troubadour must possess the better qualities of every class in addition to those that are peculiar to his own. Last but not least, a troubadour must know songs about

everything from the holy wars and crusades to the fanciful query of how many angels can dance on the point of a needle in a sunbeam."

After Alexandrois had delivered this treatise on "*Rules of Conduct for Jongleurs*," Raimonde was told to ride with the driver of the van. It was a gaily painted caravan, carrying the tents and contraptions plus the provisions, pulled by two beautiful snow white horses. Alexandrois, wanting Raimonde to feel at home, told four of the younger men to ride with her, while the rest of the troubadours rode on horseback. Two little gray donkeys brought up the rear, weighed down with heavy luggage.

Thus Raimonde travelled with this motley group, a part of their gay company when they played to audiences along the way and at mealtime, but strangely aloof the rest of the time. Because of the baker boy's charming manner and gay good humor the players respected this aloofness and left him much alone.

Once, they passed a village in which a plague had been raging. The sight of the suffering and the sick had a strange effect upon Raimonde. Although she often tried to recapture that mood which had come over her that day in the chapel when the troubadours had come to Vespers at Des Fleurs, still it had never returned. But with the

plague ridden people all about her, she had a shadowy recollection of having suffered herself, and of seeing herself ministered to by someone, as she lay in a large, canopied, comfortable bed, this in great contrast to the hardships of the poor people in the stricken village. Nothing concrete or tangible could she weave from these cobweb visions of her past.

As she sang and ministered to the sick, all about her wondered at the understanding and compassion shown by this frail, young boy.

The troubadours remained in this particular village for some months, until those who had not died from the plague were well on their way to recovery. These poor people were so grateful to the troubadours for their devotion and care and the willingness they showed to share their supplies and talents, that they blessed each one of them and asked the wandering entertainers to stop again, when they in turn would be better able to repay them for their goodness.

Alexandrois had spent a great deal of time during their stay in the plague-ridden spot, with two men who were taking care of the worst cases. These were segregated in special districts. Raimonde had not been allowed to go into these parts, because the others thought him too young to see such misery. But from the older troubadours she had learned that there were two men bravely sacrificing their very lives to help the sufferers. Both these men were close friends of Alexandrois.

The day the travellers were in readiness to leave this hamlet, their leader brought these men to Raimonde, to present the new member of their band to his close and honored friends. Addressing the smaller of the two, a bright faced, somewhat hump-backed man, he said:

"Raimonde, my lad, this is the brave and noble Favarie." Nodding to the other, a husky troubadour, he added, "And this is Hilare, two fine examples of worthy troubadours; thou wouldst do well to emulate them. They know full well their craft, if such it can be called."

Favarie did not answer, nor did even a muscle in his face twitch. He was speechless, yea, breathless. But Raimonde's face showed no sign of recognition. Hilare, however, spoke casually but kindly.

"I am told by those who have recovered from this frightful plague, that this young troubadour has done unusual work in this poor, stricken spot."

Alexandrois and Raimonde were pleased at these words of praise, and the leader of the band spoke up proudly.

"It is the voice of this young baker's boy that doth receive much praise and credit. We all find

Raimonde hath in his voice a quality of tone which carries with it a soothing, healing effect. Often he is capable of putting the suffering to sleep peacefully. Perhaps it might be well for you two tired troubadours to take this lad with you for a short visit to the Hut of the Wise One. Methinks, the three of you have need of such a journey. Join us in ten days or so at the boundary of the vast estates of the great Duke of Valmondroids."

Favarie still was motionless.

"Madonna of Peace," the Jester prayed, "is this the work Thy little Son hath chosen for her? If so, let me not interfere."

Favarie knew not what move to make. Raimonde he recognized perfectly, for her face had changed but little. In the two years during which they had been separated, he had completely and finally established the fact that Raimonde, the daughter of Jean of Anresson was dead. All interest in finding her had been quieted. Overjoyed, though the Jester was, it grieved him greatly to see that her memory had not been restored during these months of peace and quiet at Des Fleurs. He wondered how, from the cloister she had ever joined this motley group.

The next morning, after Alexandrois and Favarie had exchanged many words and whispered confidence, Raimonde was summoned and told that with Favarie and Hilare she would now leave the rest of the travellers. On horseback, they started out on their journey to visit The Wise One of the Forest.

When they had entered the Valmon Forest, Raimonde was enchanted with its sombre beauty. Passing near a spring she saw deer drinking and a timid doe, which ran from cover at the sound of the approaching travellers. Sometimes, in a small clearing, the sun penetrated, making a pattern of gold on the shadowy road. Spring had come reluctantly to the mighty forest. The leaves of the oak and beech trees were still stiff and bright, but newly released from their winter coverings. Wild flowers were not profuse, but occasionally Raimonde saw clusters of columbine, anemones and heartsease, thrusting timid faces through the carpet of dead leaves on the ground.

Favarie became very close to Raimonde during those beautiful spring days in the Forest of Valmon. He told her of the Court of Anresson and of the child Raimonde, to whom he used to tell stories and sing songs. But except for remarking on the coincidence that their names were the same, the Jester saw plainly that these tales brought back nothing to the young troubadour at his side. Each day he endeared himself more to Raimonde, for

never had he asked her one question about herself. She thought he was accepting her for what she told him that she was, an orphan boy who wanted to see the world through the eyes of these colorful entertainers.

Hilare was rather unfriendly; he spoke little and looked glumly at what seemed to be an endless road. He was a poor traveller, who enjoyed hating the discomforts and early hours. His mind was on Valmondrois, where a rich board would be spread and the comfort of warm beds and open fireplaces beckoned. Once there, the world would assume a different color. When Favarc and Raimonde sang as they rode along, Hilare remained silent, a frown of displeasure on his handsome but weak face.

At noon-time each day they stopped long enough to eat a hearty meal of bread, cheese, and cold fowl, which Alexandrois had himself prepared for them, before they left his company.

"By sundown," Favarc said, on the fourth day, "we should reach the edge of the forest and the Hut of the Dark One. If she is agreeable, we can lodge there for the night only; she welcomes no one for longer. Then we can feel the warmth of a blazing fire, to say naught of tasting fine food and enjoying the luxury of a sheltered bed, besides the acquisition of new troubadour songs, which Alexandrois and his entire band have great need of."

Hilare's face brightened at the news of food and comfort and for the rest of the day, he talked and sang and made a more cheerful companion.

"This Dark or Wise One, as thou dost call her, who may she be, friend Favarc?" Raimonde questioned.

Favarc looked closely at the young Troubadour, when she asked this question; seeing no look of recognition on her face, he launched forth in careful explanation.

"At the same Kingdom, of which I have oft spoken to thee, once there lived a lovely lady, younger sister to the ruling Lord, Jean of Anresson. This Lady Lenore loved and married a troubadour, whom Jean later had thrown into a dungeon to languish and die, while his sister he banished to a hut in the deep, dark forest. This Dark or Wise One whom we now go to visit is none other than this Lady Lenore. Although she has not yet lived many moons past thirty years on this earth she hath become wondrous wise. Per-

haps 'tis that she has suffered much, or that she doth spend so many hours in solitude. Whatever the reason, she possesses the power to prophesy the future."

"How cruel was the Lord Jean," — Raimonde's mind clung to his treatment of the troubadours — "Why did he so hate our brave and noble following?" she



asked with dignity

"'Tis passing strange, Raimonde, how those in authority always love to dictate to and persecute their subjects. The Lord Jean had many fine qualities; he is now dead, may his soul rest in peace." Favarc bowed his head and made the Sign of the Cross, and then continued, "But let me tell thee of this Wise One. She lives a strange, mysterious life; she hath acquired great quantities of verses, ballads, and songs, which she copies over and over again for the troubadours. Oft before have I stopped at her hut on a journey to Valmondrois, and she hath found pleasure in my songs and news of the world. She doth advocate peace and singing. One of her admonitions to the troubadours is to tell those dwelling in the castles that if they would sing more they would sin less. She says that when the mouth is open in song, there is no chance to gossip nor slander one's neighbors. In short, Raimonde my lad, thou shouldst be very close to this Wise One."

Raimonde was enthralled by what Favaric related to her of the Woman of the Forest. Nothing more was said, but the girl troubadour thought much on his words about this strange creature.

As Favaric had said, the travellers reached the location in the forest, which was their destination, just at sundown on the fourth day. A pinkish, purple haze hung all about them. They stopped at the door of the Wise One. The hut was strangely built of oak wood with low hanging eaves, thickly covered with ivy and rose vines. Surrounding it was a small, well-kept garden. It was an oasis of bright security after the long hours in the maze of the forest. Raimonde looked about in rapt amazement.

With Hilare, she waited at the edge of the garden while Favaric knocked at the door of the hut. For a long time there was no answer. Finally, the door opened a few inches and after a whispered conversation Favaric was admitted.

Presently Favaric appeared at the door of the hut and called out to Hilare and Raimonde to join him. Too weary to care much about the reception that might await him, Hilare followed at a leisurely pace, untroubled and complacent at the thought of shelter for the night and the possibilities of a good meal.

Favaric drew Raimonde inside.

"We are welcome, my lad. The Wise One hath smiled on us and we could not stop at a more homely and cheerful dwelling."

The room was dimly lit by a glowing fire. A sad looking, but very beautiful woman, dressed in sombre garments crouched near a great copper pot that hung over the leaping flames. She glanced at Raimonde with eager dark eyes and then turned on Favaric.

"His name, Favaric? I do not greet strangers whose names are unknown to me."

"A thousand pardons, Wise One; my wits were

wool gathering." Favaric made a low bow while speaking." "This youth is our new-found troubadour; Raimonde he is called. Alexandrois found him alone and friendless. I know naught of his family, but am of the belief that gentle blood doth flow through his young body. He hath a sweet voice and bids to find high favor in the courts of lordly people."

Favaric thought quickly. He knew that with Hilare about nothing should be mentioned of Raimonde's identity. Her life and her safety were again in his hands and he knew that absolute silence to her and to all around was still the wise plan to pursue.

Raimonde bowed gracefully to the Wise One, a smile of eager friendship lightening the seriousness of her face. The smile seemed to win grace from the unusual woman of the forest. She pointed to a low seat by the fire.

"Be seated. The evening air is chill and you are young to make such a journey and lead that sort of life. Rest there while I prepare the meal."

Favaric and Hilare left the hut to unharness and feed the horses. The Wise One gave careful directions as to where the horses should be stalled for the night.

The heat of the fire made Raimonde drowsy. She fell asleep on a bearskin rug that lay on the hearth. She was awakened by Favaric with summons to dinner. They sat long over the inviting meal. The Wise One left them that she might gather verses and songs in her work room. She had several copies of each, ready to give to the first troubadours who passed through the forest.

Toward midnight she appeared in the doorway, to find Favaric and Hilare sound asleep within careful range of the fire and Raimonde bending over illuminated manuscripts she had found on the large

oak table at the other end of the room.

(To be continued)



Hints for the Home

Clare Hampton

Those New Year's Resolutions

DOES anyone still make New Year's resolutions? At one time it was taken very seriously, and folks really made them, and tried to keep them. But today all that has been thrown to the winds by those who also threw overboard all those antique medieval "relics" called faith and morals. The folks who feel ultra-modern, and oh, so up-to-date, are the ones who term religion a "medieval relic" and really think they are enlightened people and above that sort of thing. And there are some Catholics, too, who are afraid they might become *too* religious, and feel they must restrain any too-fervent impulses, lest they overdo matters and become targets for the innuendoes of their modernistic friends.

For instance, at the midnight Mass last Christmas the church was packed to the doors. There were some who honestly could not get in any further, and others who were habitual "door-jamb supporters," missal-less, with nothing better to do than whisper comments on priest, choir, and congregation. When Communion time came, and most of the Congregation went up to the rail, one of these modernists asked the other: "Are you going to Communion?" The answer was: "Who, me? Naw! I'm not going to Communion!" The tone of his voice told what he thought of the idea. He was *above* that sort of thing.

To go back to the New Year's resolution idea—doubtless the reason we do not have any more people sitting down on New Year's Eve to write a set of resolutions is, *t h a t*
New

Year's Eve has become for Catholic and non-Catholic alike, a Bacchanalian revel, beginning at some country club, and ending at four-thirty or five A.M. at the fifth or sixth hotel or night-club. The Catholics then land bleary-eyed at the five o'clock Mass and sleep through it, while the non-Catholics go home at once to sleep. No time for New Year's resolutions.

But we never needed resolutions so much as we do now, and they should not be made only at New Year's, but weekly, at Confession, or nightly, when we make our examination of conscience. Or do we? With the state of affairs in which the world finds itself, it would seem that someone should hold down the pillars firmly, lest the roof fly off. And since everything except the Catholic Church is in a state of chaos, who else but Catholics should be the ones to hold the pillars down, and defend them at all costs? Who else but Catholics should sit down and write a set of resolutions, which should be checked over strictly every week, yes, and even every night, so that they might be a light and an inspiration to those who are floundering about in the black night of irreligion and moral chaos?

Getting Along With People.

TH**E**RE are persons who seem at odds with *t h e* world;

they find fault constantly, with their clothes, with their food, with the people about them; nothing seems right; everything is wrong. These people have an unhealthy outlook, and if this view is persisted in, will soon have an unhealthy mind. The mother in a home can do much to prevent this in her children by giving them the right start. No matter how she feels, if she is grieved, or worried, or unhappy about something, she must never allow her children to see it, or permit her feelings to affect her actions toward them or her husband. This requires Herculean strength perhaps, and constant self-discipline, but when it means the outlook and disposition and character of a number of little children, Mother must exert every effort to control herself, so that her children's minds and dispositions may not be affected or crippled. For in reality, a carping, unhappy mind which sees no good in anything, is crippled.

There was once a mother who railed at everything that happened, showed hatred for everyone who did things against her will or her ideas of what should be, never forgot an injury, and never controlled her words in presence of the children. These children today—six of them, are crosses to their mates, their tongues are those of scorpions, holding a whip-lash which cuts worse than any bodily blow could, and worst of all, they are jealous of each other. They resent the smallest slip of mistake or forgetfulness in each other, and one moment they go to a brother or sister and discuss *t h e*



faults and injuries the others have done to them; the next moment they go to the discussed ones and detract the last one. There is no charity or ordinary brotherly or sisterly love among them; they hotly resent the smallest mistake and their tongues sear like acid.

All this can be traced to the home life of these children. If the mother had been kind, forgiving, gentle, always overlooking others' faults and making excuses for them, if she had given the example of being sweeter and kinder than ever to those who did a supposed injury, these children would have learned the holy lesson of Christ: "Love one another, even as I have loved you!" How scandalous it is to see a Catholic family constantly at odds with one another, harsh, unforgiving, requiring the "pound of flesh" from each other, even, after the parents' death, quarreling like a lot of carrion birds, over the few cents left behind by their father and mother!

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

If there are any leaves lying around still unburned, rake them together and put on a heap to rot. This makes the finest fertilizer you can get for flower beds.

Scrape all soot from fireplace and chimneys; throw into a bucket of water and allow to stand until water is clear. Then water all plants twice a week with it; it makes a good fertilizer.

Mint from the back yard can be dried and stored for use in gravies and sauces. Dip fresh branches into boiling water and swish around, to remove dust and insects. Then shake thoroughly to remove water, place in pan and set in moderately hot oven. Bake until the mint crumbles in the fingers. Store in covered glass jar.

Soak new stockings in warm water to which 1 tablespoon of vinegar has been added; this lengthens the life of the hose. If hands are rough, put on old gloves to don silk stockings and take them off; this prevents the pulls which start runs.

When a kettle of food comes to the boiling point, lower the flame and keep covered; it will keep boiling at the minimum of fuel consumption.

To prevent the rings made around spots of cleaning fluids, first place a thick pad of absorbent cotton beneath.

RECIPES

Swedish Meat Balls.

Take one and one-half pounds ground beef and mix in one-half cup finely chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, one-eighth teaspoon pepper, one and one-half cups milk, two eggs, four cups corn flakes. After mixing thoroughly, form into balls. Sauté in butter until nicely browned all over. Remove from pan, make a nice gravy by frying a little minced onion until slightly browned; then sprinkle in a little flour. When browned, add a cup of water, a little salt, and a dash of catsup. Allow to boil two or three minutes, then pour over meat balls on platter and serve.

Mint Sauce.

A good gravy for the above is mint sauce; if mint is obtainable, chop one-fourth cup mint leaves, add one-third cup vinegar, four tablespoons sugar, and a pinch of baking soda. Pour this into the liquor left from frying the meat balls, allow to simmer a bit, then add a little flour to thicken, mix until smooth, add a little salt, and some water to make enough sauce to pour over meat balls. Boil a minute or two.

That Festive New Year's Dinner

The New Year's dinner will probably be twice as festive this year in families where one or more boys have been called to the service if these are able to be at home on furlough. What a jolly reunion these families will have, and how the boys will appreciate being with their loved ones during holiday time!

The Christmas centerpiece of pine and balsam, with red candles rising from the greenery, may still be in place on the dining table, as some folks leave it on all week, in honor of the holidays. The candles may need replacing if they are burned down; or if the same guests will be at dinner both at Christmas and New Year's, the hostess will probably want to change the centerpiece.

A few sprigs of mistletoe may be tucked between the pines, and a figure of Father Time with his scythe, (obtainable at stationery counters) perhaps in the center, between the candles. Tomato juice is nice for a cocktail, spiced with sugar, salt, pepper, celery salt, and a little ground cloves.

Then the soup, made with the giblets of the turkey or goose or whatever kind of fowl is served, and a piece of brisket, cooked with chopped celery, parsley, onion, and a can of tomato sauce for two hours, and made more hearty with rice or noodles. The rice is added at once, with the other vegetables, but noodles are dropped in just ten minutes before the soup is done. Now the

fowl, with stuffing, made of ground-up dry bread, minced onion, celery, parsley, salt, pepper, a teaspoon of ground nutmeg, some chestnuts which have been boiled until tender, shelled and chopped, and some chopped oysters. Four or six eggs are mixed in, depending upon the size of the bird and the amount of stuffing, and milk added if not moist enough. Two tablespoons of melted butter help to make it rich and tasty.

Of course, there are cranberries and glazed sweet potatoes, cubed, buttered squash, a green salad, a mountain of fluffy mashed potatoes, Brussels sprouts, perhaps creamed onions. Last, but not least, pumpkin, cranberry, mince and apple pie, with coffee. Could anyone ask for more?

HENRY LEANDER RAMSAY

Abbot of Downside Abbey

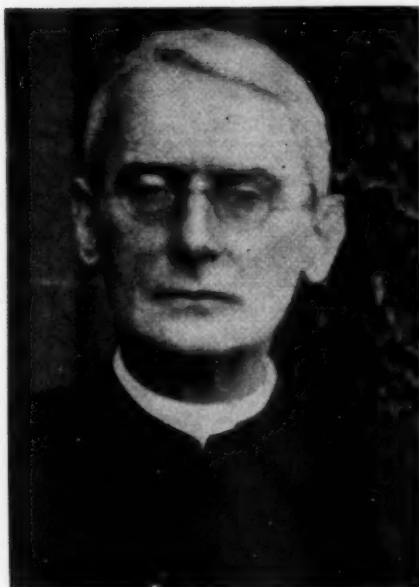
Eugene Spiess, O.S.B.

IT WAS either in the spring of 1895 or in 1896 that the Abbot Primate of the Benedictine Order, Abbot De' Hemptinne, spoke to the writer of these lines saying: "It is your intention to spend the four months vacation at Monte Cassino. It will please me if you take Henry Ramsay, an Anglican convert with you."

At that time I was in the beginning of my twenties, and Ramsay was about ten years older. Ramsay had been the curate of the so-called Archbishop of Canterbury. Daily we walked from the Abbey along the path that leads to Rocca Sicca to the vicinity of what is yet called "Il noviziato," a rather large but deserted brick building. There we spent hours speaking of the early Church Fathers, for Ramsay was a great student in Patristic theology, and these his studies enabled him to shake off what had been conceived in sin and born in iniquity in the days of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth, the Anglican Church. But let another convert speak, for Dom Roger Hudleston, also a Benedictine monk of Downside Abbey, knew Ramsay better than I did.

"I was an undergraduate at Keble," writes Dom Hudleston in the *Downside Review* (issue of May 1929, the year Abbot Leander Ramsay died) "and my one great friend in College was, like myself, in the throes of an acute attack of 'Roman fever.' It chanced that the Vicar of St. Mary's (Anglican) had organized a series of sermons to undergraduates which were being preached on Sunday evenings at the University Church (Anglican) and one of these was delivered by Rev. R. L. Ottley, then Principal of the Pusey House.

"His subject was God the Holy Ghost, and he argued that, in all important crises of life, a Christian could count upon receiving the direct guidance of the Holy Spirit who, speaking through the in-



dividual conscience, would show clearly enough to each one the path he ought to follow, a path from which he would diverge at the peril of his soul.

"To us two undergraduates, on the verge of submission to the Roman Church, the sermon came like a direct answer to prayer."

We will here pause in the narrative of Dom Hudleston to explain briefly that this sermon by the Anglican preacher and the spiritual result it had on these two young students, who were contemplating entering the Catholic Church, rendered Ottley speechless when the two students approached him and told him of the effect his sermon had on them.

Ottley told the two students that they ought to give more thought to the matter and to follow the example of a Mr. Ramsay, who was studying the Church Fathers very intensely, before taking the step they were contemplating.

We will now allow Dom Hudleston to continue his brief narrative. "A few minutes later Ottley dismissed us, but not before we had ascertained that Ottley's 'Mr. Ramsay' was the Rev. H. H. Ramsay, who for some years past had been Vice-Principal of Wells Theological College, an Anglican institution."

Thus far the Dom Hudleston's narrative. The Mr. Ramsay here spoken of by the future Benedictine Father Dom Hudleston was the future Abbot of Downside, the convert to whom the Abbot Primate referred when he asked me to take a Mr. Ramsay to Monte Cassino, for Ramsay had just become a Catholic.

"Il noviziato," the deserted building spoken of above, whither Mr. Ramsay and I often directed our foot-steps is known as having been the abode of St. Thomas Aquinas, since he attended school there. There is no historical evidence of any kind

that St. Thomas, the great Doctor of the Church, had at any time a notion of becoming a Benedictine. Yet it is said that he lived in this ancient building at one time. I have myself had a text-book in my hands which St. Thomas used when he studied under the Benedictines of Monte Cassino. Along the margins of the pages of this book I had quite some difficulty in deciphering the notes the great Saint made in this philosophical-theological text-book in the 13th century.

It is easy to explain the presence of the great Doctor, a Dominican, in this "noviziato." He was no novice there, but not far from this deserted building, is the end of the mountain cliff from which Rocca Sicca and the town Aquino can be seen deep down in the valley beneath the cliff. The readers of THE GRAIL recall, if they are acquainted with the life of St. Thomas, that it was at Rocca Sicca where the father of St. Thomas had imprisoned his son, to keep him from entering the Dominican convent at Rome. St. Thomas had a very clever sister and it was this girl who slipped a key to her brother releasing him from the castle in which he was confined.

It was along these paths that Mr. Ramsay and the writer had some very interesting talks on the Church Fathers. Asked what Church Father influenced him most to take the step of becoming a Catholic, Mr. Ramsay replied most enthusiastically: "St. Cyprian, St. Cyprian."

"What in St. Cyprian impressed you most, causing you to take the step?"

Ramsay replied, "His homily on *Tu es Petrus*."

I will say that I had no better instructor on Patristic theology in my seminary days than Mr. Ramsay. Our stay at Monte Cassino was only during a four months' vacation, too brief to satisfy the longing and interest I had to listen to Mr. Ramsay on the early Church Fathers. But the opportunity was given to me to notice and appreciate the deep piety and sincerity of Mr. Ramsay, a piety and sincerity he had since his boyhood days as the child of Anglican parents.

For some years there lived with us at the Collegio di San Anselmo, Father Gasquet, the future Cardinal. Father Gasquet aided by a Mr. Bishop, an authority on archives, was appointed by Pope Leo XIII to handle the entire question relative to the Anglican orders. While I sojourned at Monte Cassino with Mr. Ramsay the Pope published his decree on the validity of Anglican orders. The Pope based his entire decree on the fact that a priest, in order to be a priest, must be a *sacrificing priest*, and that, where the real Presence of Christ

was being denied in the Holy Eucharist a valid priesthood is *impossible*.

When the decision reached us at Monte Cassino, Ramsay wept bitter tears as he stood before me. "The greatest happiness," Ramsay went on to say, "in my whole life, was the thought that *I was a priest*." Walking along our usual paths from the Abbey of Monte Cassino, Ramsay checked his weeping long enough to say to the writer, who was then only a cleric, "Tell me, friend, what should I now hold with regard to the graces so many received, graces that were visible to me at the altar when I said Mass, in the confessional, when I dealt with sinners, etc."

The writer replied: "Have you, Mr. Ramsay, or I, any right to make laws for the Holy Ghost as to where he should breathe? You were in good faith, and so were they in Anglicanism who in their piety were as well disposed as you were all the days of your life. Neither you, nor I, can dictate to the Holy Spirit, *when* and *where* he should breathe."

My remarks quieted the pious Ramsay somewhat.

The writer cannot recall having seen an episode so sad, an episode that nearly broke the saintly Ramsay's heart, unless it be a letter sent to Ramsay by the so-called Archbishop of Canterbury. Ramsay had been the curate of the Archbishop of Canterbury and was well known to him as being sincere and pious. Only a few weeks were necessary, spent in the company of Ramsay, and I saw that Ramsay was a learned and pious lad.

In gist the Archbishop's letter to Ramsay read: "A lady came to me recently asking me about the baptism of her children. She desires to know whether you, now a papist, were sincere when you baptized her children." The letter indicated to Mr. Ramsay that the so-called Archbishop of Canterbury desired to throw a brick, possibly the last one, at Mr. Ramsay.

Ramsay showed himself to be a man when this insulting letter arrived. "I do not answer such a letter," Ramsay said. "Suppose," I interjected, "you allow a young student at San Anselmo to answer the letter. Appoint me as your agent, and I shall reply to the Archbishop for you." To this Mr. Ramsay replied in a tone of entire indifference: "All right, go ahead."

Mr. Ramsay and his troubles before he entered Downside Abbey and became the future Abbot Leander Ramsay of Downside, give one an inkling of what such great men as Saint Cardinal Fisher and St. Thomas More, the chancellor of Henry VIII, had to suffer before they died on the gallows for their Catholic Faith.



ST. BENEDICT

A SMALL village called Cassino is situated on the side of a high mountain which, as it were, pillows the village on its extensive bosom. Rearing itself to a height of three miles, as if the summit reached the very sky, it was surmounted by an ancient temple, in which Apollo was worshipped by the unschooled people of the country districts. And round about on every side there grew up groves dedicated to the worship of the demons, in which the foolish multitude sweated at their sacrilegious sacrifices. The servant of God arriving here destroyed the idol, overturned the altar, set fire to the woods, and in this very temple of Apollo he built the oratory of the Blessed Martin; where stood the altar of this same Apollo, he built the oratory of Saint John, and by his continual preaching brought to the faith the multitude dwelling round about.

But the ancient enemy, not bearing these things silently, came not secretly or in sleep, but openly in a vision before the eyes of the holy Father, and with great cries complained that he suffered violence, so that even the brethren heard his cries, although they could not at all discern his figure. The venerable Abbot told his disciples that this same ancient enemy appeared before his corporal eyes most hideous and furious and raged at him with flaming mouth and eyes. Now in fact all could hear what was spoken, for first the devil called Benedict by name. When the man of God did not answer him, the devil hurled insults at him. For when he cried out, saying: "Benedict, Benedict," and saw that he in no way answered him, at once

The Life and Miracles of St. Benedict

as narrated by St. Gregory the Great in the
Second Book of Dialogues freely translated by

Jerome Palmer, O.S.B.

III

he added: "Maledict, not Benedict, what have you to do with me? Why do you persecute me?" But new battles of the ancient enemy against the servant of God had now to be looked for. The devil indeed willingly made war against him, but unwittingly furnished thereby the occasions of victory.

One day while the brethren were constructing the cells of this same monastery, they found a stone which they decided to carry up to the building. When two or three were not able to move it, others joined them, but it remained as immovable as if it were rooted in the earth. Then plainly they understood that the ancient enemy in person was resting upon it, since the hands of so many men could not move it. Therefore, being greatly inconvenienced, they sent for the servant of God to come and by praying to put the enemy to flight that they might be able to lift the stone. Benedict came soon, and saying a prayer, gave the blessing; the stone was lifted with such ease that it seemed to have no weight.

While excavating at this same place, at Benedict's direction, the monks dug rather deep, and here they came upon a brass idol. It was at first thrown by chance into the kitchen, where fire was suddenly seen to leap from it; it seemed to all the monks that the whole kitchen structure would be consumed. They made such a noise by the commotion when throwing on water to extinguish the fire that the servant of the Lord came to the scene. Perceiving that this fire was visible to the brethren but not to himself, he immediately bent his head in

prayer, and discovered that they were deluded by a fantastical fire. He restored normal sight to the brethren that they could see the kitchen standing there safe, but could not see the flames which the ancient enemy had devised.

Again while the brethren were building a wall a little higher, the man of God was at prayer in the seclusion of his little cell. The devil appeared to him, taunting him, and indicating to him that he was going after the brethren who were at work. The man of God quickly sent word of this to the brethren saying: "Brethren, conduct yourselves cautiously, because this very hour an evil spirit is coming to you." He who delivered the injunction had scarcely finished the words, when the evil spirit overthrew the wall which was being built; the ruins crushing a little boy, a monk, the son of a courtier, killed him. Saddened and greatly afflicted, not by the damage to the wall, but by the death of the brother, the monks hastened with all speed to announce it to the venerable Father Benedict. Then Father Benedict ordered the mangled boy to be brought to him. They could not carry him except in a cloak, because the stones of the fallen wall crushed not only his limbs but also his bones. The man of God at once commanded him to be laid in his (Benedict's) own cell on a small rush rug which is commonly called a mat, on which he was accustomed to pray. Having dismissed the brethren, he closed the door. He bowed himself in prayer more earnestly than was his custom. Wonderful deed! In that same hour he sent him back to the same work, sound and as strong as before, that he also, concerning whose death the ancient enemy had intended to taunt Benedict, might finish the wall together with the brethren.

Among other things, the man of God began to be esteemed for the spirit of prophecy also, to foretell future things, and to relate to those present things done in his absence. It was the custom of the monastery that whenever the brethren went abroad on any business they should take absolutely no food or drink whatever outside the monastery. Although this was diligently observed according to the custom of the rule, on a certain day some brothers went forth to deliver a message, and in this were obliged to tarry an hour longer. They knew a religious woman who lived nearby, and having entered her house they partook of food. When they returned to the monastery, rather late, they, according to custom, begged the Abbot's blessing. He at once questioned them saying, "Where did you eat?" They answered, "Nowhere." He said to them: "Why do you lie? Did you not enter the home of such and such a woman? Did

you not accept such and such foods? Did you not drink so many cups?" And when the venerable Abbot mentioned to them the hospitality of the woman, the kinds of foods, and the number of drinks, reviewing all they had done, they threw themselves trembling at his feet and acknowledged their transgression. He, however, at once forgave the fault, supposing that they would not do anything else in the absence of him whom they knew to be present with them in spirit.

Likewise the brother of the monk Valentinian, whom we mentioned before, was a layman, but devout. That he might obtain the prayer of the servant of God and might see his own brother, he was accustomed to come fasting every year from his own dwelling to the cell of St. Benedict. On a certain day, therefore, while he was making the trip to the monastery, another traveler overtook him, who was carrying food for the journey. When an hour had passed and it was growing rather late, the stranger said: "Come, brother, let us partake of the food lest we faint on the way." He answered him, "Far be it from me, brother; I will not do it, because I have been accustomed always to reach the venerable Father Benedict fasting." Having received this answer, his fellow traveler remained silent for an hour. But after this when they had accomplished a small portion of their journey, again he suggested that they eat. Valentinian's brother was unwilling to consent, since he had determined to arrive fasting. He who had invited him to eat was silent, and consented to travel a little way with him still fasting. And when they had traveled rather far, fatigued from walking, they discovered by the road a meadow and a fountain and all pleasant things for refreshing the body. Then his fellow traveler said: "Look! Here is water, a meadow, a lovely place in which we can be refreshed and likewise rest, that we may be better able to finish our journey afterwards in good condition." These words enticed his ears and the place pleased his eyes, and being persuaded by this third invitation, he yielded and ate. In the evening he arrived at the monastery. Being presented to the venerable Father Benedict, he begged his blessing; but soon the holy man reproached him for what he had done on the way saying, "Why is it, brother, that the wicked enemy who spoke to you through your fellow traveler was not able to persuade you the first time nor the second, but persuaded you the third time and forced you to that which he wished?" Acknowledging the offense of his inconstant mind, he cast himself at Benedict's feet, and began to bewail his fault and to be the more ashamed as he knew that even though he

was at a distance, he had failed in the sight of the Abbot Benedict.

In the time of the Goths, when their king, Totila, had heard that the holy man had the spirit of prophecy, proceeding toward his monastery, he announced that he was coming and then remained some distance away. As soon as word had come to him from the monastery that he might enter, he, as he was of wicked intent, tried to find out whether or not the servant of the Lord had the spirit of prophecy. He gave his own shoes to a swordsman of his called Riggo, and causing him to be dressed in the royal robes, he ordered him to go to the servant of God as if in his own person. In his service he sent fellow servants, who were accustomed to remain with him in preference to the others, namely, Vul, Ruderic, and Blinden, that before the eyes of the servant of God they should walk by his side pretending that he was King Totila; he offered him also other services and swordsmen, that he might be thought to be king, as much from his services as from his purple robes. When this Riggo had come to the monastery adorned with these robes, accompanied by a numerous retinue of courtiers, the man of God was sitting at a distance. Seeing him coming, when he could be heard by him, Benedict called out saying: "Lay aside, my son, lay aside what you are wearing; it is not yours." Riggo fell at once to the earth and was greatly terrified because he had presumed to deceive so great a man; and all who came with him to the servant of God were stretched upon the ground. Rising, however, they did not in the least presume to approach him, but having returned to their own king, trembling, they announced with how great speed they had been discovered.

Then in person this Totila approached the servant of God. When from a distance he discerned him sitting, not daring to approach, he threw himself

upon the ground. Although the servant of God said to him two or three times "Arise," he himself did not dare to be lifted up from the earth before him. Benedict, the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, in person deigned to approach the prostrate king; he lifted him from the earth, upbraided him concerning his deeds, and in a few words foretold all that would happen to him, saying: "Many evils you are doing, many evils you have done; now at length refrain from iniquity. Indeed you are about to invade Rome, you are about to cross the sea, you will reign nine years, you will die in the tenth." The king, greatly terrified upon hearing these things, withdrew after he had begged a prayer, and from this time on he was less cruel. When, not long after, he went to Rome, he proceeded to Sicily; however in the tenth year of his reign by the judgment of Almighty God he lost his life.

Moreover the Bishop of the Church of Canisium was accustomed to come to the servant of the Lord, whom the servant of God loved exceedingly for the merit of his life. And so while he was having a conversation with him concerning the invasion of King Totila and the destruction of the Roman city, he said: "By this king this city will be destroyed so that it may now no more be inhabited." The man of God answered him: "Rome will not be destroyed by strangers, but harassed by flashing storms and whirlwinds, and earthquakes; it shall decay within itself." The mysteries of his prophecy have already been made clearer to us than light, to us who perceive in this city the walls destroyed, the houses overturned, the churches thrown down by a tornado, and its buildings weakened by long decay; because we see they are thrown down in widespread ruin. Although Honoratus, his disciple, from whose narrative this was gathered, acknowledged that he himself did not hear this from Benedict's lips, he asserts that what he said was told him by the brethren.

ANNOUNCEMENT

GOSPEL MOVIES, the first series, is to be reprinted in booklet-form. Copies will be available by January 15th at 10¢ each, 3 for 25¢, and \$1.00 a dozen. The theme of the first series is *GRACE*. The fourth series, *CHRIST AND FAMILY LIFE* is now being printed serially in *THE GRAIL*.



A DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

By Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen

IN THIS his thirtieth book the eminent philosopher, lecturer, and radio speaker, Monsignor Fulton J. Sheen, examines the present war, its causes, and its effects. His manner of analysis is so clear and logical that he leaves no loop-holes, no doubts in our minds. The Catholic way is God's way. He has left us His rules and His Word. All confusion of thought, all bewilderment of issues and procedure dissolve when we follow His way.

Monsignor Sheen's book is a clarion call to brotherly love, tolerance, and good will. It pleads with the Catholic to become a Crusader for good. A Crusader "of Justice and Charity."

"What are we fighting for," asks the writer. "We are fighting to restore sacrifice, discipline, virtue, and love." Some things are not worth fighting for. Let the leaves of the oak of America fall; let the ephemeral things that die fall to the ground. Let the tree for a while stretch out its naked limbs, bare but living. Our inner life is good and sound, only a few externals are bad. Once they have been swept aside by justice, the hidden buds will come forth at another season, strong in new life—and America shall be what the Founding Fathers said it would be: A nation that trusts in God!"

Bruce: \$1.75

THE MAN WHO GOT EVEN WITH GOD

By M. Raymond, O.C.S.O.

IT has been some months now since the strangeness and silence that surrounds the Trappist monastery of Gethsemani, in the hills of Kentucky, has been broken by the happy story of Brother Joachim, "The Man Who Got Even With God." There is nothing so unusual in reading of a fiery tempered young lad from Kentucky "getting even" with his father, burning his barn and running off to Texas and turning cowboy. It is not even so strange that he finally returned home, and fitted himself once more into the quietude of family life. That he should begin to wander across the fields to visit with gentle little Mary, on the neighboring farm seems quite the familiar trend of all stories. But when he suddenly becomes very quiet and thoughtful, finally gives up Mary and goes across the hills, this time to bury himself in the silence and sacrifice of a Trappist monastery, the story becomes exciting and spiritually thrilling. Then the real story begins, the story of the violent vindictive man of the world struggling against his pride and his rebellious nature.

Living from day to day in compliance with the Holy Rule of St. Benedict, guided by the firm and understanding counsel of a saintly Abbot, Brother Joachim grows into the mold of a truly good Trappist and a saint. Not by way of violence and

anger but by love, obedience, and service he finally "got even with God."

Bruce: \$2.00

CATHERINE OF ARAGON

By Garrett Mattingly

AS A STUDENT of the early history of diplomacy, Garrett Mattingly came across a great deal of material that excited his interest in "Catherine of Aragon." He went deeper into his research and emerged with a picture of England's Spanish queen that is eminently fair and good to read.

In 1485 the Spanish rulers Ferdinand and Isabella affianced their daughter, the young princess Catherine, to Arthur, the eldest son of Henry VII of England. She was well fitted to grace the English throne, for Isabella had raised her daughters well. They were the most thoroughly educated and trained young women of their time. No doubt it was this early training that stood by Catherine, that left her firm and unshaken by intrigues of court, threats, and privations.

After the death of the young prince Arthur Catherine spent nine years of bitter loneliness and poverty, unaided by her parents, deceived by her own attendants, abused by the English. All this changed when Henry VIII came to the throne, and made her his queen. A true wife, a diplomatic but honest statesman just and charitable, she won the love and respect of the English people. While she held the ear of the king all went well.

Then came the change, the growth of Wolsey's power, the loss of the royal children, intrigues with France, the quibbling of the Emperor, and the insistent demands of Henry for the divorce. From 1527 to 1536 she was shunted from place to place, separated from her only child, deprived of all friendships. She saw her Faith derided, the rise of Cromwell, the fall of Wolsey, the martyrdom of St. Thomas More, John Fisher, and the Tyburn martyrs. Her rightful place was held by a scheming degraded woman. Of comfort she had little but the love of God and the firm knowledge that she was right. Chapuys, the Ambassador of the Emperor, remained ever loyal to her and fought desperately to help her. Through all her trials she was loyal to Henry, never changing her words, but always enduring, ready always to accept the crown of martyrdom.

When she died, Chapuys wrote of her: "the most virtuous woman I have ever known, and the highest hearted, but too quick to trust that others were like herself, and too slow to do a little ill that much good might come of it." Had she been willing to do ill, had she been a weakling the course of history might have been changed, but she accepted the ministry that was given to her and stands out in this new portrait, a noble type of Christian womanhood.

Little Brown & Co., \$3.00

LOST FIELDS

By Michael McLaverty

THE ROAR of Stukas and the blare of propaganda does not disturb nor touch the quiet movement of this new novel of Michael McLaverty. There are no great scenes in this book, no great tragic happenings. It is just the sheer realism of humble family life, faithfully drawn and delicately colored, the humor and pathos of a truly Irish pen.

Three generations live in *Lost Fields*. Kate and Johnny Griffin, are the father and mother, the middle group. Theirs is the bitter struggle for existence in a small Irish town, where work is scarce and strained tempers are apt to break over the

slightest injustice, the ill-chosen word. The younger generation are the Griffin children, a houseful of them, each with his problem, his faults and his virtues. There is the gentle Mary, unfitted for the rigidity of the religious life because of the hardships of her home life, and young Hugh cruel to his elders, to Granny, only because he wants a home with Eileen. And then there is Granny, who gives up the comfort of her own wee cottage that her pension might provide for Kate's children, a dear, plain, good soul. The harshness of poverty as shown by Mr. McLaverty is relieved by the humor that permeates all Celtic stories, by the warmth of affection and the deep abiding faith of the Griffin family and their amusing neighbors. Whatever their weaknesses, it is such families that endure, and it is such stories as this one that are really worth while.

Longmans: \$2.00

LEGENDS OF THE CHRIST CHILD

By Frances M. Fox

CHILDREN, old and young, love legends. Frances Fox has collected an enchanting group of them and retold them, beautifully, in this happy Christmas book *Legends of the Christ Child*. There are the old legends of the birds and trees and flowers and of the tiny insects too. They are songs of praise that find their sweetness and meaning in the Crib of Bethlehem. Colored illustrations are scattered between the 104 pages, each of which will delight the children of primary and early grammar school age.

Sheed and Ward: \$1.50

THE MIND OF CHRIST

By Dan Gilbert

THE absurdities of many modern ideologies are well characterized and chastised in this book. If you wish to be armed for christian defense, which is also the best safeguard for national defense, against the irrational intellectuals, then read this book. Except for the fact that scriptural texts are taken from the Protestant version and that once or

so a typical Protestant viewpoint appears, one might think that the author is Catholic. (G. V.)

The Danielle Publishers: \$1.00

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

Rumble and Carty

THE "Correspondence Course" is a vestpocket manual of Catholic Apologetics on the installment plan. It covers in twelve parts the following topics and in just this order: The Catholic Church, The Sacrifice, Confession, Evening Devotions, Faith, God, The Angels and the World, Man, The God-Man, The Channels of Grace, Fruit, and The Final Realities. These twelve topics are treated in letter form, and it is evidently the intention of the Author, as he mentions in his Introduction, that each section be pondered over for one week before going on to the next section. Each section, covering only a few pages, is well adapted to that, one week's meditation. The style is popular and lucid; and it lends itself to ease in understanding the text. The pamphlet would be well worth its cost to priests, especially young priests, as a desk reference book in catholic Apologetics and as material for apologetic sermons.

(C. S.)

Order from Radio Replies Press, St. Paul, Minnesota. Price 50¢.

"BE OF GOOD HEART!"

Reverend Bruno Hagspiel, S.V.D.

IN THIS little booklet, "Be of Good Heart," there is a great deal of healthful "armchair philosophy" that should prove a good tonic for streamlined moderns. It is really a collection of "Meditorials"—a little longer, though, than Father Paschal Boland's "Meditorials"—on the armchair philosophy of a cheerful spirit.

The Author characterizes the contents of his booklet as "Reflections and Experiences of an Optimist," but it is really more than the fruit of his own reflections and experiences. He has culled some choice blossoms of poetry, anecdotes, and quotations from Scripture, Tradition, and secular writers. (C.S.)

Order from The Mission Press, Techny, Illinois. Price 10¢.

Meditorials

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

Every day should be New Year's Day when it comes to making good resolutions.

Buying Heaven on the installment plan is an old, old secret of the Saints. They made daily small down-payments of sacrifices, patience, prayers, humiliations, love, and many good works as the opportunities presented themselves.

The explanation of many happenings in our life that changed its course or kept us in it, lies in the fact that God directs our lives and His wisdom is incomprehensible to the puny intellect of man.

St. Philip Neri used to say when passing a spiritual derelict: "But for the grace of God there is myself." Such a thought keeps us humble. But here is a thought that should make us ashamed and more spiritually ambitious. When we pass a statue or a picture of a Saint we ought to think: "In spite of the grace God has given me, I am not like him!"

A long tongue will eventually trip you.

In plain English, to become infatuated means to make a fool of yourself.

Although hired by God to work in His vineyard, if one does a bad job he will be "fired" by Satan.

The critic of the human side of the Church should remember that the weak instruments are wielded by Divine Hands. This principle applies to the relationships between people and their priests, religious and their superiors, children and their parents and teachers. The weak things has God chosen to confound the worldly-wise.

No one can give a life-time guarantee of the behaviour of a human being.

Through the eyes of the body, death has entered in the souls of many; but through the eyes of the soul, death has been overcome, for they have seen the mercy of God and repented.

It is better to give up one's Tom, Dick, or Harry than to give up one's soul.

No prayer is ever lost. Do not be discouraged by lack of evidence and give up praying. Faith does not need evidence.

Talking about people does not improve them; but talking to them helps sometimes.

Instead of giving in to your temptations, do what a business man does with a tempting proposition. Sleep over it. Put it off a day until your brain is clear and your passions cooled.

There will always be evil in the world, but woe to him who is evil!

Man is an image of God just as a drop of water is the image of the sea. But the difference between God and man, the Creator and the creature, is more vast than that between the sea and a drop of water.

The poor we shall always have with us, no matter how many attempts or systems are formulated to prevent it. But that does not mean that we should cease trying to alleviate poverty.

One does not know what God can do with him until He does it.

A man's ear is always attuned to flattery and his vanity is ever a snare.

The difference between asking the Saints to intercede for us and our friends to pray for us is the difference between Church Triumphant and Church Militant.

Defeat is never sweet. If you are victor do not be petty.

A Christian can always be an optimist because of the hope of eternal life and eternal reward.

Many of us are artists, and bad ones at that, in drawing damning conclusions about our neighbors.

A small soul is like a puddle of water that is wholly disturbed by the barest breeze or smallest pebble, and discolored and made muddy by a little dirt.

Rehabilitation has been going on since the fall of Adam. A fallen human nature has been struggling for lost perfections, lost happiness, and for the regaining of its Paradise.

Are You Moving?

My old address —

..... Street

..... City State

My new address is, or will be

..... Street

..... City State

Signed.....

If you are moving, or have moved, do not fail to fill in and mail this notice to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana

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